

# BRIGHT BEAUTIFUL BELLS

A COLLECTION  
OF SONGS

For Sunday Schools, Gospel Meetings,  
Revivals, Young People's Meetings,  
and all other Religious and  
Musical Endeavor

==  
By B. B. BEALL



Price, postpaid, 30 cents per copy ; \$3.00 per dozen.

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( Round or Shaped Notes. )

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—BRIGHT—

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# Bright, Beautiful Bells.

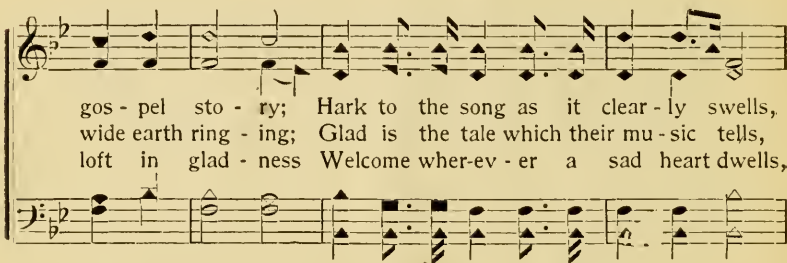
## No. 1. Bright, Beautiful Bells.

MISS BIRDIE BELL.

B. B. BEALL.

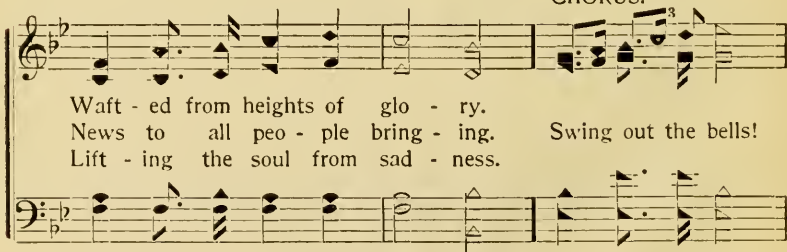


1. List to the bells, bright, beau - ti - ful bells, Chim - ing the  
2. List to the bells, bright, beau - ti - ful bells, O - ver the  
3. List to the bells, bright, beau - ti - ful bells, Swing - ing a -

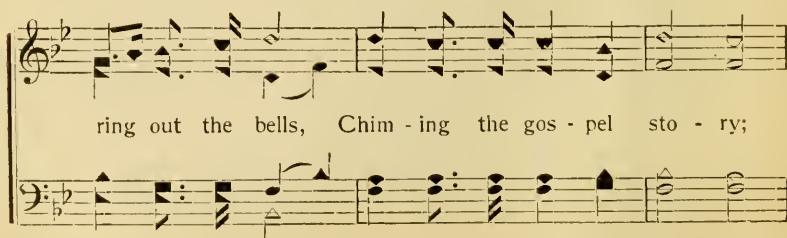


gos - pel sto - ry; Hark to the song as it clear - ly swells,  
wide earth ring - ing; Glad is the tale which their mu - sic tells,  
loft in glad - ness Welcome wher - ev - er a sad heart dwells,

### CHORUS.



Waft - ed from heights of glo - ry.  
News to all peo - ple bring - ing. Swing out the bells!  
Lift - ing the soul from sad - ness.

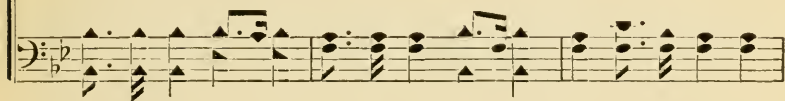


ring out the bells, Chim - ing the gos - pel sto - ry;

# Bright, Beautiful Bells. Concluded,



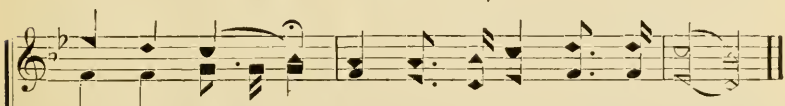
Mer - ri - ly swinging, cheer-i - ly ring-ing, Ech - o the song of



glo - ry; Songs of sal - va - tion free to all,  
Songs of sal - va - tion free to



List to the bless-ed gos-pel call, Free to the souls in  
all, List to the bless-ed gos - pel call, Free to the



sin's dark thrall; *This* is the song of the bells.  
souls in sin's dark thrall;

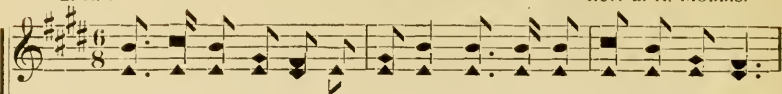


## No. 2. Beautiful Voices of Angels.

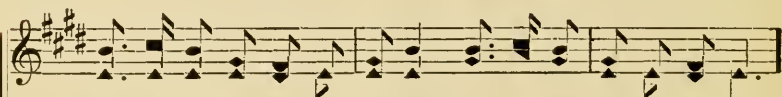
(Dedicated to the memory of my life-long friend, Col. J. H. McGuire, whose early death, coupled with his exemplary life, inspired this song)

L. A. M.

Rev. L. A. MORRIS.



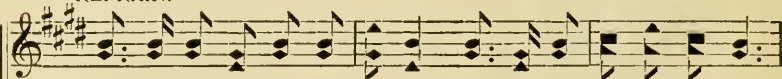
1. Beau - ti - ful voic - es of an - gels Call for the loved ones be - low;
2. Beau - ti - ful stars that have lighted, Just to il - lu - mine our eyes,
3. Beau - ti - ful souls have been given On - ly to cheer us a - while,
4. Beau - ti - ful lights oft have fallen, Just to il - lu - mine a day;



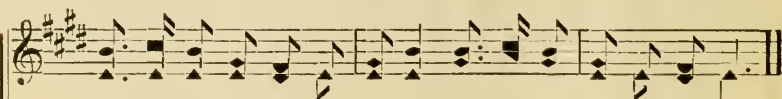
In - to the heav - en - ly man - sion, When they are call'd, they must go.  
When earth - ly mis - sions are end - ed, Back to their home must a - rise.  
Back to their home they're en - charmed, Up to the pure un - de - filed.  
All have de - scend - ed from heav - en, Heav - en - ward tendeth their way.



### REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful voic - es of an - gels, Call - ing the lov'd ones a - way;



List to the heav - en - ly mes - sage, Call - ing to man - sions of day.



# No. 3. Wandering Child, Come Home.

J. L. M.  
Good as a solo.

J. L. MOORE,

1. Hark! Hear the sweet words your Father is say-ing, Oh, wan-der-ing  
 2. You've gone far a - way in darkness and danger, Oh, wan-der-ing  
 3. The feast is prepared, the robe is now read-y, Oh, wan-der-ing

child, come home! There's room in my house for all of the straying, Oh,  
 child, come home! Oh, come back to-day, you'll soon die of hun-ger, Oh,  
 child, come home! Why feed with the swine? your Father has plenty, And

REFRAIN.

wan-der-ing child, come home! Come home, come home,  
 wan-der-ing child, come home!  
 bids you to - day, come home! Come home, my child, come home, come home,

Oh, wand'ring child, come home! Your Fa - ther is wait-ing, yes,

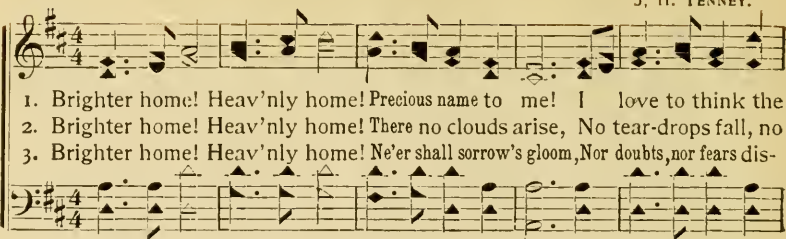
anx - ious-ly wait - ing, Oh, wan - der-ing child, come home!  
 come home!



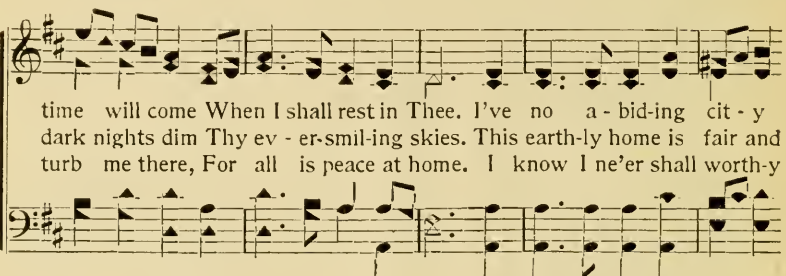
## No. 4.

## Brighter Home.

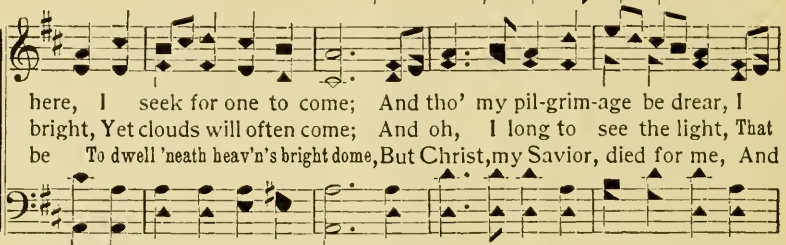
J. H. TENNEY.



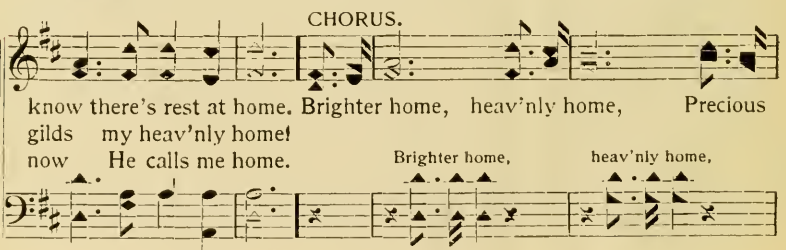
1. Brighter home! Heav'nly home! Precious name to me! I love to think the  
 2. Brighter home! Heav'nly home! There no clouds arise, No tear-drops fall, no  
 3. Brighter home! Heav'nly home! Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts, nor fears dis-



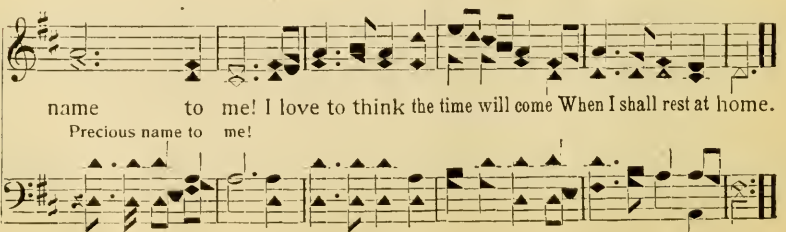
time will come When I shall rest in Thee. I've no a-bid-ing cit-y  
 dark nights dim Thy ev-er-smil-ing skies. This earth-ly home is fair and  
 turb me there, For all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall worth-y



here, I seek for one to come; And tho' my pil-grim-age be drear, I  
 bright, Yet clouds will often come; And oh, I long to see the light, That  
 be To dwell 'neath heav'n's bright dome, But Christ, my Savior, died for me, And



CHORUS.  
 know there's rest at home. Brighter home, heav'nly home, Precious  
 gilds my heav'nly home!  
 now He calls me home. Brighter home, heav'nly home,



name to me! I love to think the time will come When I shall rest at home.  
 Precious name to me!

## No. 5.

## The Star.

E. R. LATTÄ.

T. N. BEALL,

1. When Christ was born in Bethlehem, The wise men from a - far Appeared with -  
 2. That they might find and worship Him, What anxious days they spent! That orb of  
 3. They pass'd beyond the city's bound, The star di - rect - ing them; And oh! the  
 4. Oh! may that star our foot - steps guide, By faith, to that dear spot, That we a -

in Je - ru - sa - lem, Led onward by a star, Led onward by a star.  
 beauty grew not dim, And gladly on they went, And gladly on they went.  
 Hebrew King they found, The Babe of Bethlehem! The Babe of Bethlehem!  
 while may there abide, And share their favor'd lot, And share their favor'd lot!

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## No. 6.

## Three in One.

Rev. GILBERT RORISON.

B. B. BEALL.

1. Three in One, and One in Three, Rul - er of the earth and sea,  
 2. Light of lights, with morning shine Lift on us Thy light di - vine,  
 3. Light of lights, when falls the ev'n, Let it close on sin for - giv'n,  
 4. Three in One, and One in Three; Dim - ly here we wor - ship Thee;

Hear us while we lift to Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm.  
 And let char - i - ty be - nign Breathe on us her balm.  
 Fold us in the peace of heav'n, Shed a ho - ly calm.  
 With the saints here - aft - er we Hope to bear the palm.

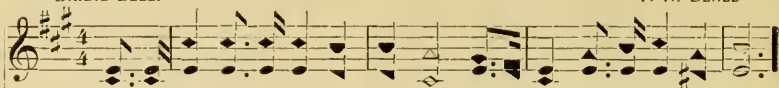
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## No. 7. What We Need in this World is Jesus.

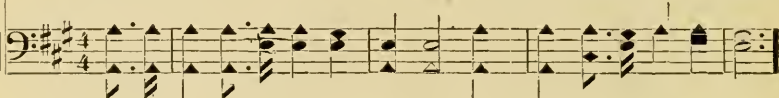
(Theme suggested by Rev. Jas. A. Francis, pastor of Second Ave. Bapt. Church, N. Y. City, to whom this hymn is dedicated.)

BIRDIE BELL.

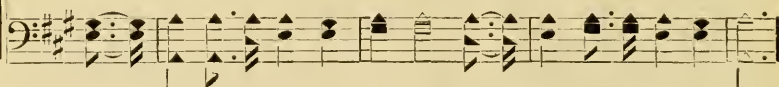
T. N. BEALL



1. What we need in this world is Je-sus! He makes heavy burdens light;
2. What we need in this world is Je-sus! He feeds ev-'ry hungry heart;
3. What we need in this world is Je-sus! He guides lest our feet might stray,
4. What we need in this world is Je-sus! His pow'r makes the feeble strong;



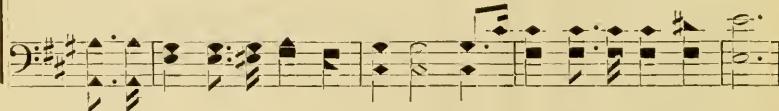
For His love, which is true and ten-der, Brings day out of darkest night.  
He re-fresh-es the thirsty pil-grim And comforts when joys de-part.  
And He points us, when weak and falt'ring, To realms of un-fad-ing day.  
He supports us along the jour-ney, And teach-es our lips a song.



### REFRAIN.



What we need in the world is Je-sus, Sup-ply-ing our dai-ly need,



A Friend who will fail us nev-er! Our steps He will ev-er lead.





SIR JOHN BOWRING.

B. B. BEALL.

1. God is love; His mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove;  
 2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays, and a-ges move;  
 3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;  
 4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and comfort from a-bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.  
 But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wisdom, God is love.  
 From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.  
 Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wisdom, God is love.

## REFRAIN.

O the love wherewith He lov'd us, That His on-ly Son He gave  
 O the love That His on-ly

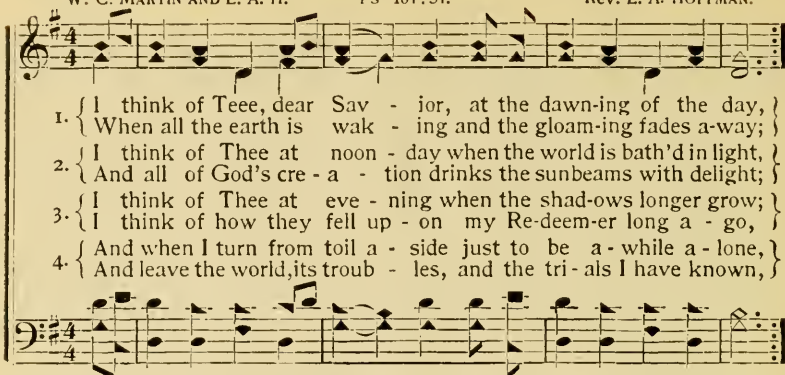
To make known His love un-to us, And to ransom from the grave!  
 To make known

# No. 9. My Thoughts of Thee Are Sweet.

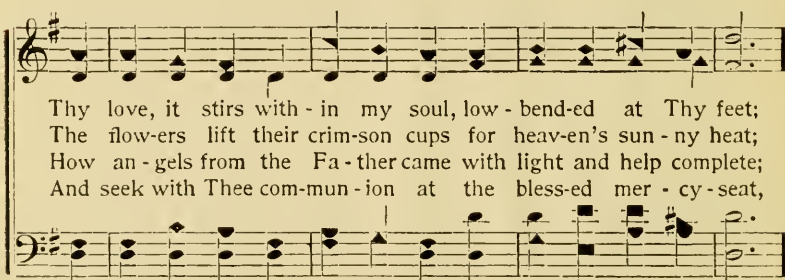
W. C. MARTIN AND E. A. H.

PS 104:34.

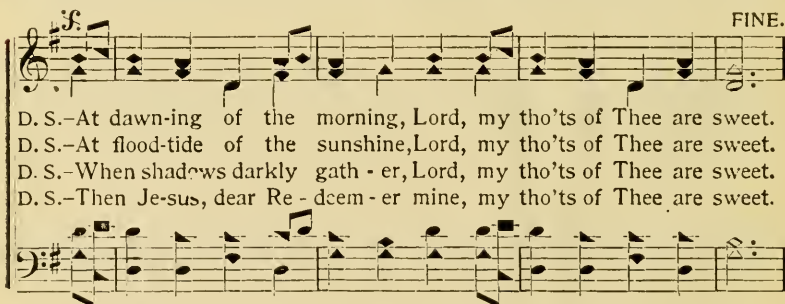
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. { I think of Thee, dear Sav - ior, at the dawn-ing of the day, }  
 { When all the earth is wak - ing and the gloam-ing fades a-way; }  
 2. { I think of Thee at noon - day when the world is bath'd in light, }  
 { And all of God's cre - a - tion drinks the sunbeams with delight; }  
 3. { I think of Thee at eve - ning when the shad-ows longer grow; }  
 { I think of how they fell up - on my Re-deem-er long a - go, }  
 4. { And when I turn from toil a - side just to be a - while a - lone, }  
 { And leave the world, its troub - les, and the tri - als I have known, }

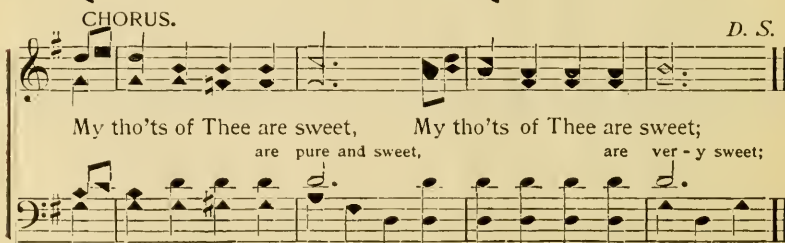


Thy love, it stirs with - in my soul, low - bend-ed at Thy feet;  
 The flow-ers lift their crim-son cups for heav-en's sun - ny heat;  
 How an - gels from the Fa - ther came with light and help complete;  
 And seek with Thee com-mun-ion at the bless-ed mer - cy-seat,



FINE.

D. S.—At dawn-ing of the morning, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.  
 D. S.—At flood-tide of the sunshine, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.  
 D. S.—When shadows darkly gath - er, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.  
 D. S.—Then Je-sus, dear Re - deem-er mine, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.



CHORUS.

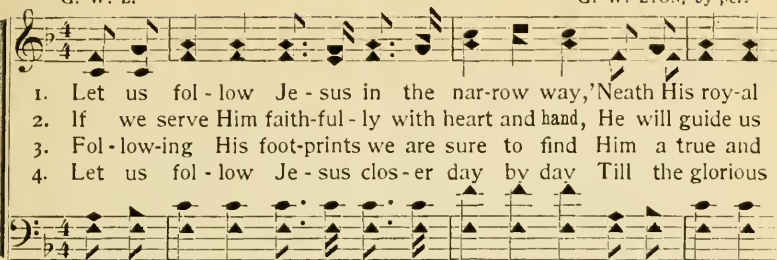
D. S.

My tho'ts of Thee are sweet, My tho'ts of Thee are sweet;  
 are pure and sweet, are ver - y sweet;

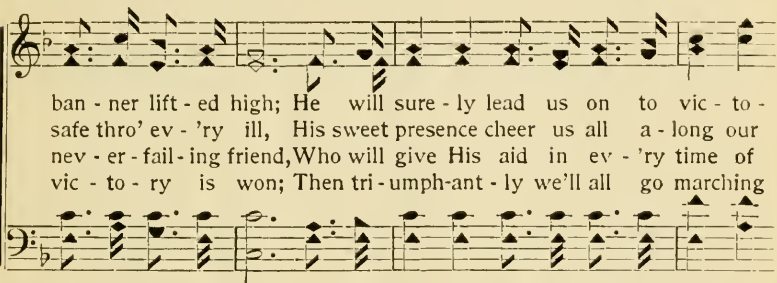
# No. 10. Let Us Follow Jesus.

G. W. L.

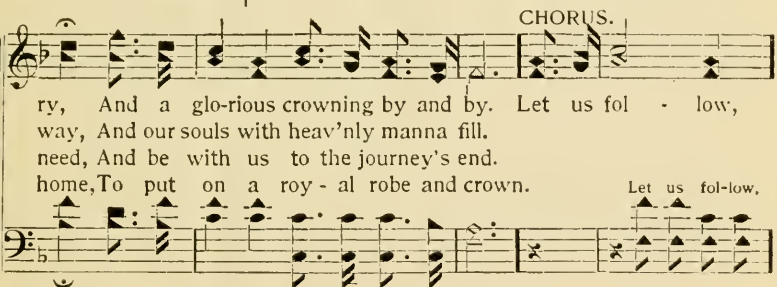
G. W. LYON, by per.



1. Let us fol - low Je - sus in the nar - row way, 'Neath His roy - al  
 2. If we serve Him faith - ful - ly with heart and hand, He will guide us  
 3. Fol - low - ing His foot - prints we are sure to find Him a true and  
 4. Let us fol - low Je - sus clos - er day by day Till the glorious

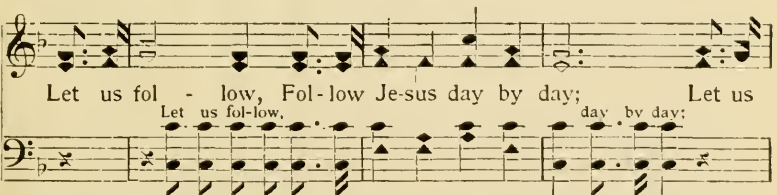


ban - ner lift - ed high; He will sure - ly lead us on to vic - to -  
 safe thro' ev - 'ry ill, His sweet presence cheer us all a - long our  
 nev - er - fail - ing friend, Who will give His aid in ev - 'ry time of  
 vic - to - ry is won; Then tri - umph - ant - ly we'll all go marching



CHORUS.

ry, And a glo - rious crowning by and by. Let us fol - low,  
 way, And our souls with heav'nly manna fill.  
 need, And be with us to the journey's end.  
 home, To put on a roy - al robe and crown. Let us fol - low,



Let us fol - low, Fol - low Je - sus day by day; Let us  
 Let us fol - low, day by day;



fol - low, Let us fol - low, Fol - low Je - sus all the way.  
 Let us fol - low, Let us fol - low,

## No. 11.

## The Good Shepherd.

J. P. L.  
*Tenderly.*

John, 10:11-14.

J. P. LANE.

1. Out on a des - ert all bar - ren and cold See the good Shepherd is  
 2. Far in the distance He hears the sad cry Of the poor wand'rer, so  
 3. On-ward He hastens, the wand'rer to find, O - ver the mountain-way  
 4. Hark! the glad voice of the Mas - ter I hear Loud-ly proclaiming "The

seek - ing His own, Seek - ing the lamb that has stray'd from the fold,  
 wea - ry and cold, Fam - ish-ing, faint-ing, and read - y to die,  
 rug - ged and steep; Yes, the good Shepherd, so lov - ing and kind,  
*lost has been found!*" An - gels with ju - bi - lant voic - es and clear,

REFRAIN.  
 Ten - der - ly calling, "*Poor wand'rer, come home!*" Call - ing, yes,  
 Out on a des - ert, a - far from the fold.  
 Yearns for and anx - ious - ly seek - eth His sheep.  
 All thro' the heavens re - ech - oe the sound. Call-ing, yes, ten - der - ly

call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing for thee; Flee to the  
 call - ing for thee, for thee;

*rit.*  
 Savior and never more roam While He yet calleth, "*Poor wand'rer, come home.*"



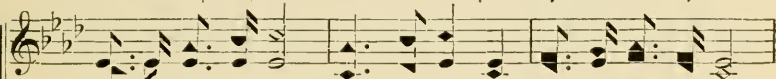
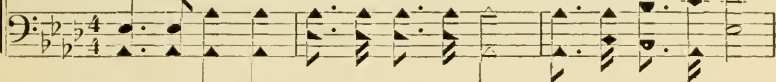
# No. 12. Send the Gospel Message.

J. M. B.

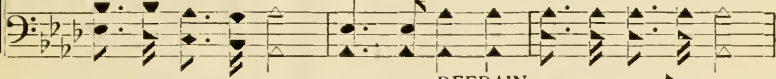
J. M. BOWMAN.



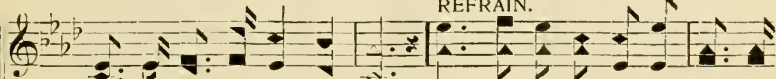
1. Send the mes-sage in - to all the world, Tell it ev'-ry-where,
2. Send the mes-sage out to heathen lands, Send it far a-way,
3. Send the gos-pel out to Afric's shore, On the fer-tile plain,
4. Let the her-ald mes-sen-gers go forth, Arm'd with faith and pray'r,
5. Tell to sin-ners all the world a-round, Of re-deem-ing blood,



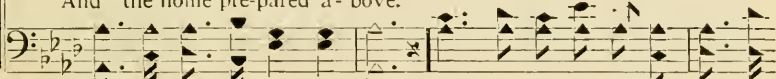
pass the word a-long; Let the gos-pel ban-ner be unfurl'd,  
o'er the o-cean wide; Tell of Je-sus' cross and bleeding hands,  
o'er the des-ert wide; Tell to all of Je-sus' sav-ing pow'r,  
sanc-ti-fied and true, Tell the gos-pel news to all the earth,  
mer-cy, faith, and love; Tell of sav-ing grace that doth a-bound,



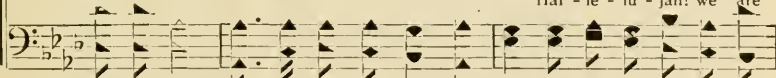
## REFRAIN.



Chant the heav'nly news in song.  
Crown of thorns and pierced side.  
How up-on the cross He died. Hal-le-lu-jah! let the gos-pel  
With the Savior's cross in view.  
And the home pre-pared a-bove.



message ring; Pass the word a-long the line, Hal-le-lu-jah! we are



Hal-le-lu-jah! "Songs of glo-ry" to our King; Sing of Jesus' love divine.  
sing-ing Hal-le-lu-jah!

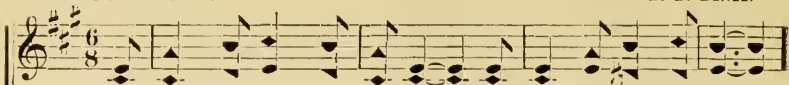


# No. 13. No Clouds Up There.

(Dedicated to Rev. Jas. A. Francis, N. Y. City, who suggested the theme.)

Miss BIRDIE BELL.

B. B. BEALL.



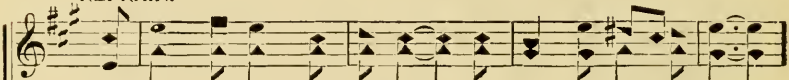
1. No clouds up there! be trust-ful! Our Fa-ther is the same;
2. No clouds up there! com-plain not When dark the way be-low;
3. No clouds up there! be thankful For ev-'ry bless-ing sent,
4. No clouds up there! why doubt Him? Tho' dark at times thy lot,



His smile may be our sun-shine; Look up! His prom-ise claim.  
Look up where light is shin-ing, The path will brighter grow.  
And when the shad-ows gath-er, Look up in calm con-tent.  
God's love is ev-er shin-ing; Look up and mur-mur not.



## REFRAIN.



Look up! a-bove the shad-ows The sun is shin-ing still;



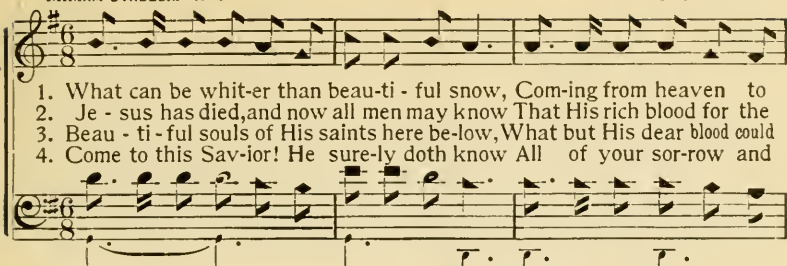
No clouds up there! be cheer-ful, And trust the Fa-ther's will.



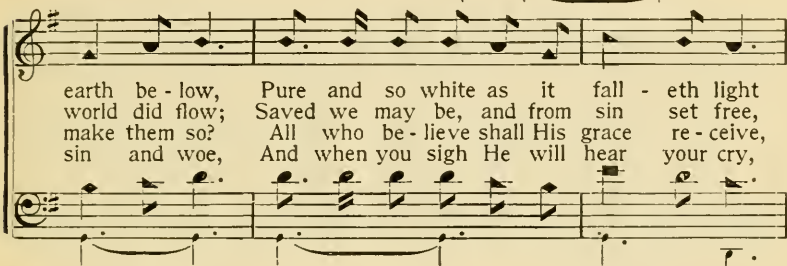
# No. 14. Still Whiter than Snow.

MIRIAM STABLER. Alt.

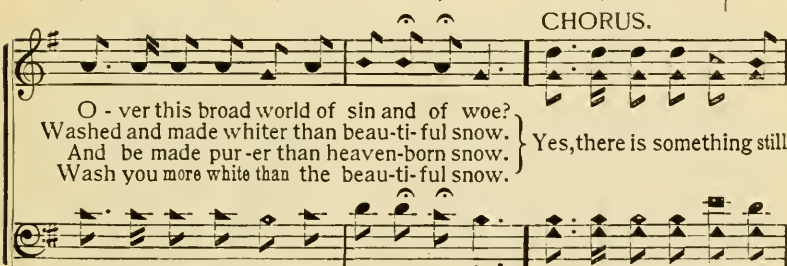
S. J. PERRY.



1. What can be whit-er than beau-ti - ful snow, Com-ing from heaven to  
 2. Je - sus has died, and now all men may know That His rich blood for the  
 3. Beau - ti - ful souls of His saints here be-low, What but His dear blood could  
 4. Come to this Sav-ior! He sure-ly doth know All of your sor-row and

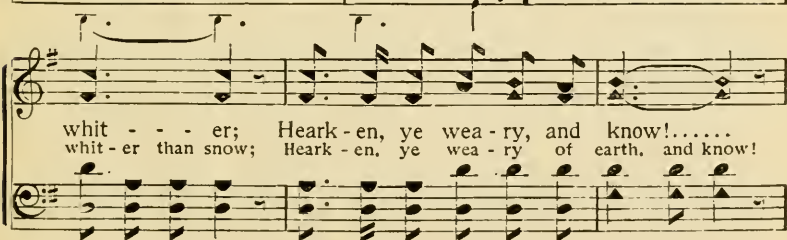


earth be - low, Pure and so white as it fall - eth light  
 world did flow; Saved we may be, and from sin set free,  
 make them so? All who be - lieve shall His grace re - ceive,  
 sin and woe, And when you sigh He will hear your cry,

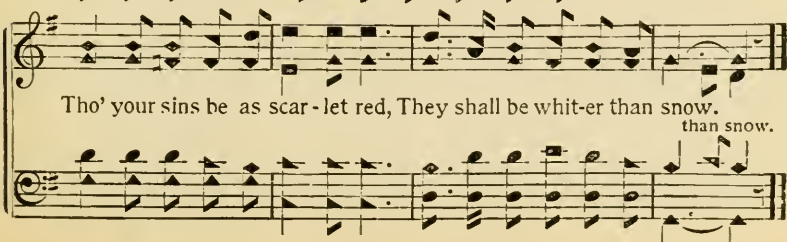


CHORUS.

O - ver this broad world of sin and of woe?  
 Washed and made whiter than beau-ti-ful snow.  
 And be made pur-er than heaven-born snow. } Yes, there is something still  
 Wash you more white than the beau-ti-ful snow.



whit - - - er; Heark-en, ye wea-ry, and know!.....  
 whit-er than snow; Heark-en, ye wea-ry of earth, and know!

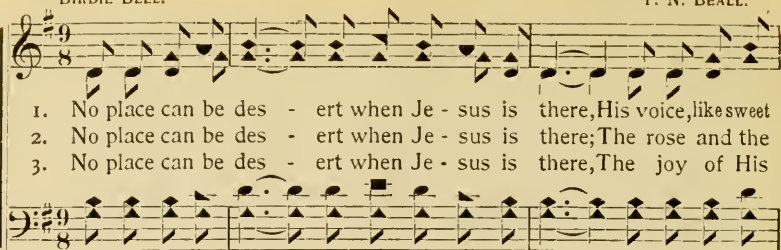


Tho' your sins be as scar-let red, They shall be whit-er than snow.  
 than snow.

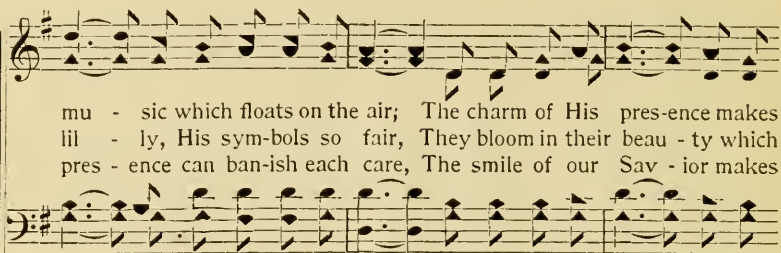
# No. 15. No Place Can Be Desert.

BIRDIE BELL.

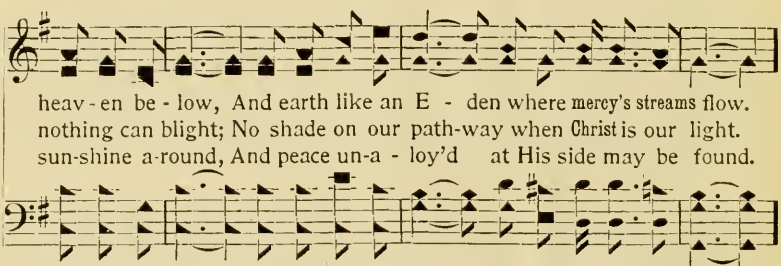
T. N. BEALL.



1. No place can be des - ert when Je - sus is there, His voice, like sweet  
 2. No place can be des - ert when Je - sus is there; The rose and the  
 3. No place can be des - ert when Je - sus is there, The joy of His

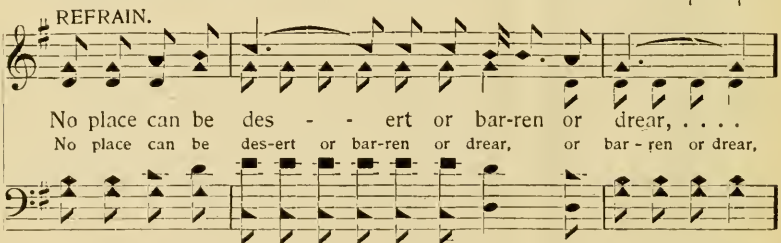


mu - sic which floats on the air; The charm of His pres-ence makes  
 lil - ly, His sym-bols so fair, They bloom in their beau - ty which  
 pres - ence can ban-ish each care, The smile of our Sav - ior makes

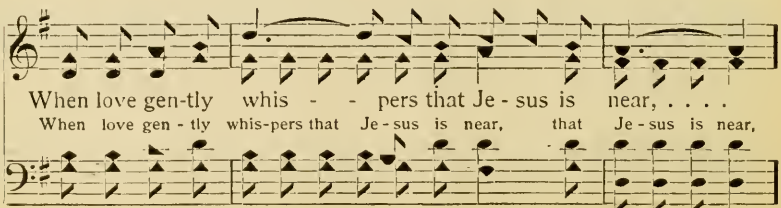


heav - en be - low, And earth like an E - den where mercy's streams flow.  
 nothing can blight; No shade on our path-way when Christ is our light.  
 sun-shine a-round, And peace un-a - loy'd at His side may be found.

REFRAIN.



No place can be des - - ert or bar-ren or drear, . . .  
 No place can be des-ert or bar-ren or drear, or bar - ren or drear,



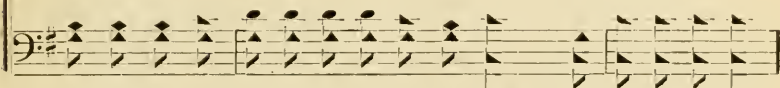
When love gen-ly whis - - pers that Je - sus is near, . . .  
 When love gen - tly whis-pers that Je - sus is near, that Je - sus is near,



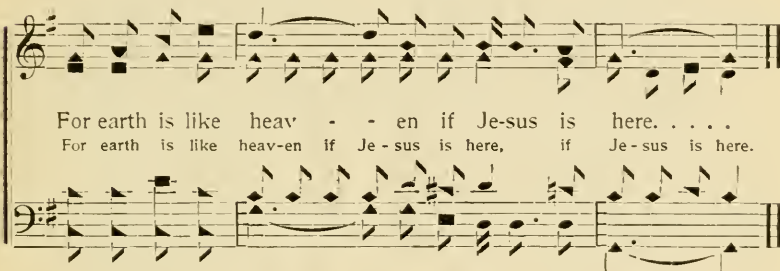
# No Place Can be Desert. Concluded.



And Faith sings her car - - ol so tune-ful and clear, . . . .  
And Faith sings her car-ol so tune-ful and clear, so tune-ful and clear,



For earth is like heav - - en if Je-sus is here. . . .  
For earth is like heav-en if Je - sus is here, if Je - sus is here.



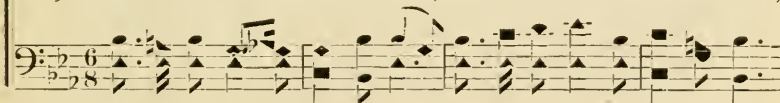
## No. 16. Beautiful Brow.

Mrs. SALLIE BEALL MOORE.

B. B. BEALL.



1. Beau-ti-ful brow so pure and white, Beau-ti-ful eyes now veil'd from sight,
2. Beau-ti-ful form now cold and chill, Beau-ti-ful feet so white and still;
3. Beau-ti-ful land where flowers bloom, Beau-ti-ful children there who roam,



Beau-ti-ful lips now closed up tight, Beau-ti-ful soul has taken its flight.  
Beau-ti-ful hands with flowers fill, Beau-ti-ful tho't, "It is God's will."  
Beau-ti-ful words that bid us come, Beau-ti-ful, beautiful heav'nly home.

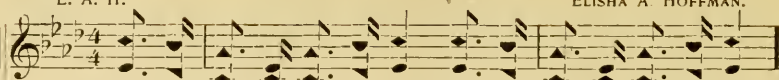


## No. 17.

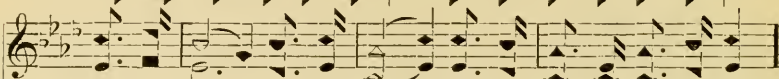
## On to Victory.

E. A. H.

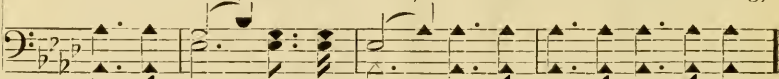
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Chris-tian, gird the ar-mor on, There's a vic-t'ry to be won
2. Let His ban-ner be unfurl'd Till it waves o'er all the world,
3. When the bat-tle shall be done, And the vic-to-ry be won,
4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues employ,



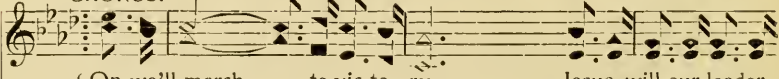
For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the helmet, sword and shield,  
 Sea to sea, shore to shore; Till the na-tions all shall own  
 Con-flict past, con-flict past; In our hap-py home a-bove,  
 More and more, more and more; We shall stand be-fore the King,



Forth un-to the bat-tle field At His word, at His word.  
 He is King, and He a-lone, Ev-er-more, ev-er-more.  
 We'll re-ceive a crown of love, At the last, at the last.  
 And the song of tri-umph sing Ev-er-more, ev-er-more.

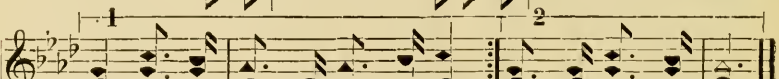
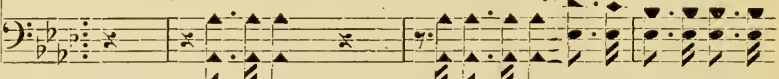


## CHORUS.

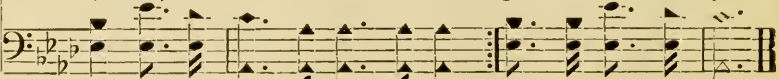


{ On we'll march to vic-to-ry, Jesus will our leader  
 { On we'll march to vic-to-ry, To a fi-nal and a

On we'll march to vic-to-ry,



be, Je-sus will our lead-er be; } glo-rious vic-to-ry.  
 (Omit.)



## No. 18.

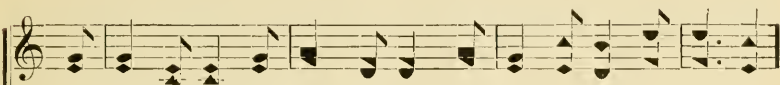
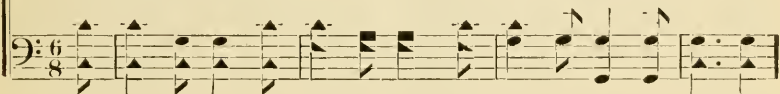
## The Little Lamb.

*May be sung as a duet by two little children.*

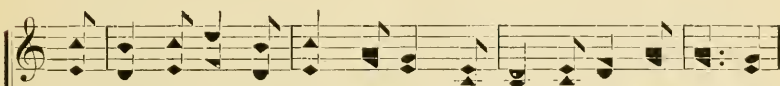
J. H. TENNEY.



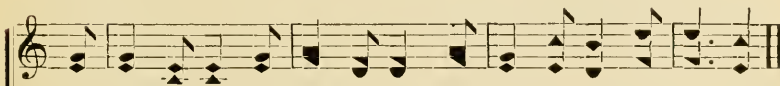
1. A lit - tle lamb one aft - er-noon, Had from the fold de - part - ed;
2. But night and day He went His way In sor-row till He found it,
3. And thus the Sav-ior will re-ceive The lit - tle ones who fear Him,



The ten - der Shepherd miss'd it soon, And sought it brok-en - heart-ed;  
 And when He saw it faint - ing lay, He clasped His arms a-round it;  
 Their pains remove, their sins for-give, And draw them gen-tly to Him,



Not all the flock that shared His love Could from the search de - lay Him,  
 Then safe - ly fold - ed to His breast, From ev - 'ry ill to save it,  
 Bless while they live, and when they die, When flesh and spir-it sev - er,



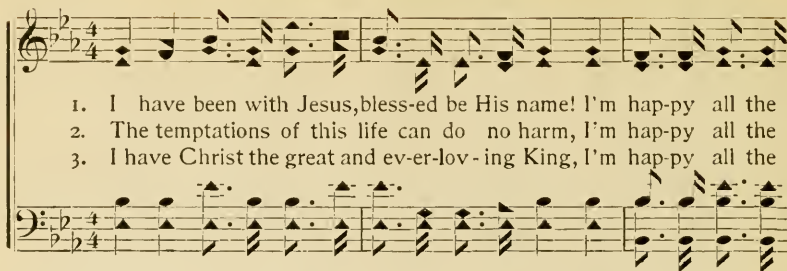
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move, Nor fear of suff'ring stay Him.  
 He brought it to His home of rest, And pit - ied and for - gave it.  
 Con-duct them to His home on high, To dwell with Him for - ev - er.



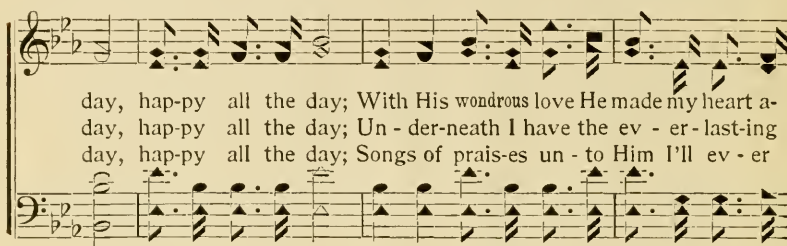
# No. 19. I'm happy all the Day.

B. B. B.

B. B. BEALL.



1. I have been with Jesus, bless-ed be His name! I'm hap-py all the  
 2. The temptations of this life can do no harm, I'm hap-py all the  
 3. I have Christ the great and ev-er-lov-ing King, I'm hap-py all the

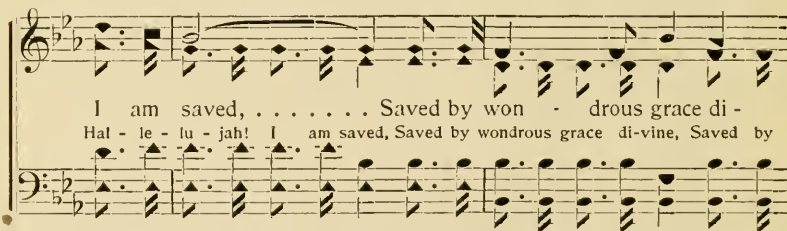


day, hap-py all the day; With His wondrous love He made my heart a-  
 day, hap-py all the day; Un-der-neath I have the ev-er-last-ing  
 day, hap-py all the day; Songs of prais-es un-to Him I'll ev-er

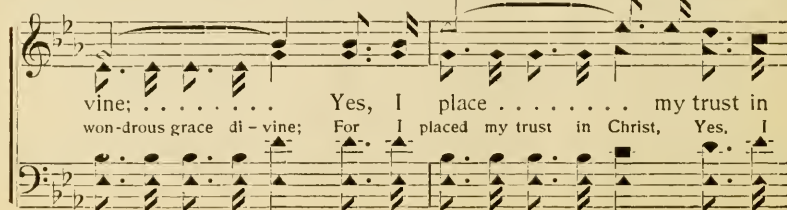


REFRAIN.

flame, He washed all my sins a-way. Hal-le-lu - - - jah!  
 arm, He washed all my sins a-way.  
 sing, He washed all my sins a-way. Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved,



I am saved, . . . . . Saved by won-drous grace di-  
 Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved, Saved by wondrous grace di-vine, Saved by



vine; . . . . . Yes, I place . . . . . my trust in  
 won-drous grace di-vine; For I placed my trust in Christ, Yes, I

# I'm happy all the Day. Concluded.

Christ, . . . . . And now He is ev - er mine.  
 placed my trust in Christ, And now He is ev - er mine, He's ev - er mine.

## No. 20.

## I'm Glad.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

B. B. BEALL.

1. I'm glad that Je - sus was my Friend When I in ru - in lay;
2. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend; When in the mir - y clay,
3. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend; He washed my sins a - way,
4. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend, Renews my strength each day;
5. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend, He lights my des - ert way;

**FINE.**

He quick - ly to my res - cue came; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.  
 He came and placed me on the Rock; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.  
 And dwells in this poor heart of mine; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.  
 In Him I find all that I need; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.  
 I know He'll bring me safe - ly home; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.

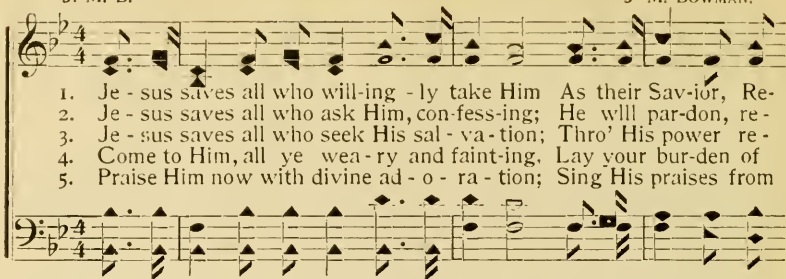
*D. S.*—Now Je - sus is my dear - est Friend, I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.

REFRAIN.

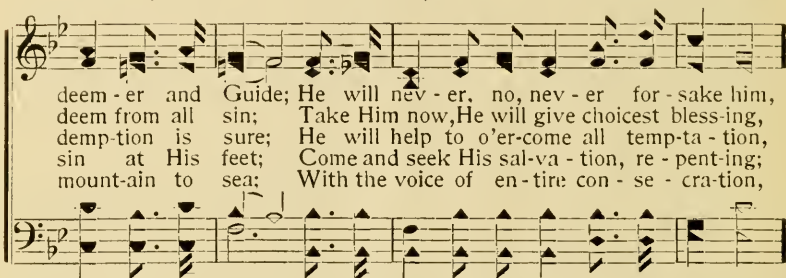
*D. S.*

I'm glad, I'm glad, to - day; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day;  
 I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad to - day; I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad to - day;

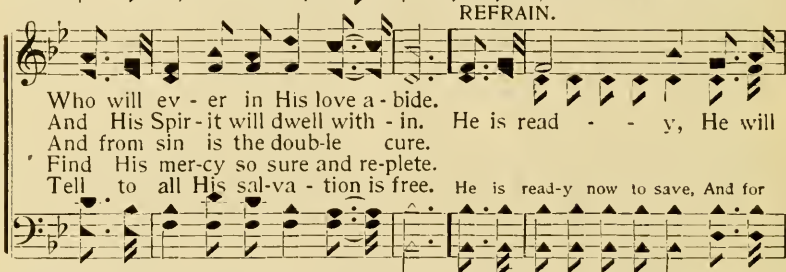




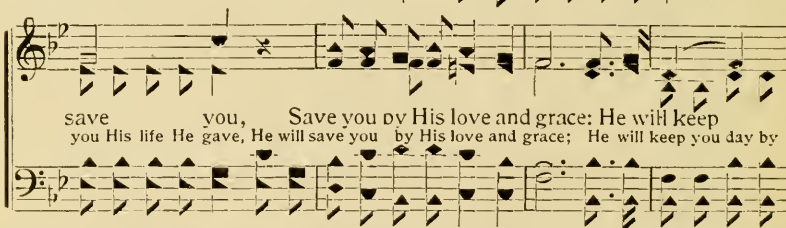
1. Je - sus saves all who will - ing - ly take Him As their Sav - ior, Re -  
 2. Je - sus saves all who ask Him, con - fess - ing; He will par - don, re -  
 3. Je - sus saves all who seek His sal - va - tion; Thro' His power re -  
 4. Come to Him, all ye wea - ry and faint - ing. Lay your bur - den of  
 5. Praise Him now with divine ad - o - ra - tion; Sing His praises from



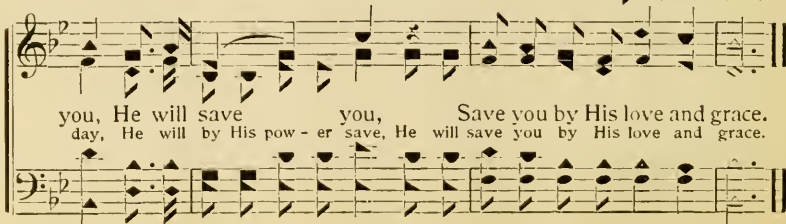
deem - er and Guide; He will nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake him,  
 deem from all sin; Take Him now, He will give choicest bless - ing,  
 demp - tion is sure; He will help to o'er - come all temp - ta - tion,  
 sin at His feet; Come and seek His sal - va - tion, re - pent - ing;  
 mount - ain to sea; With the voice of en - tire con - se - cra - tion,



REFRAIN.  
 Who will ev - er in His love a - bide.  
 And His Spir - it will dwell with - in. He is read - - y, He will  
 And from sin is the doub - le cure.  
 Find His mer - cy so sure and re - plete.  
 Tell to all His sal - va - tion is free. He is read - y now to save, And for



save you, Save you by His love and grace: He will keep  
 you His life He gave, He will save you by His love and grace; He will keep you day by



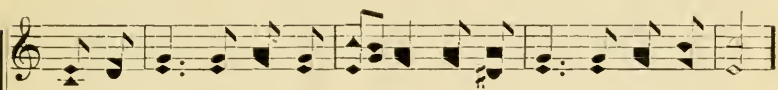
you, He will save you, Save you by His love and grace.  
 day, He will by His pow - er save, He will save you by His love and grace.

# No. 22. Sweetly Sing the Love of Jesus.

T. N. BEALL.



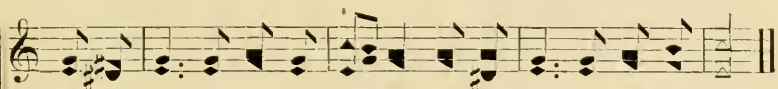
1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me;
2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus, For our hearts are full of tears,
3. Glad-ly sing the love of Je - sus; Let us lean up-on His arm;



Heav-en's light is not more charming, Heaven's dews are not more free;  
As we think how, walk-ing humbly This low earth for ma - ny years,  
While He loves us what can grieve us? If He keeps us what can harm?



As a child in pain or ter - ror, Hides him in his mother's breast,  
With-out rich - es, with-out dwell-ing, Wounded sore by foe and friend,  
Still He lays His hand in bless-ing On each upturned, seeking face;



As a sail - or seeks a ha - ven, We would go to Him for rest.  
In the gar-den, and in dy - ing, Je - sus loved us to the end.  
And in heav'n His children ev - er Near His throne shall have a place.

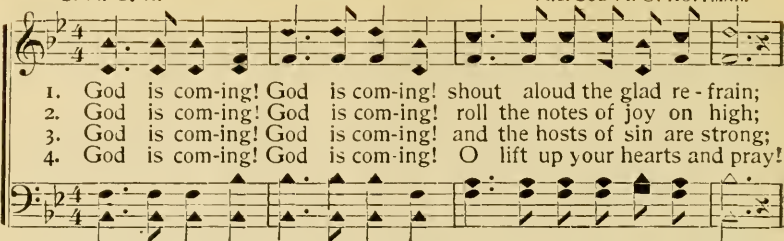


## No. 23.

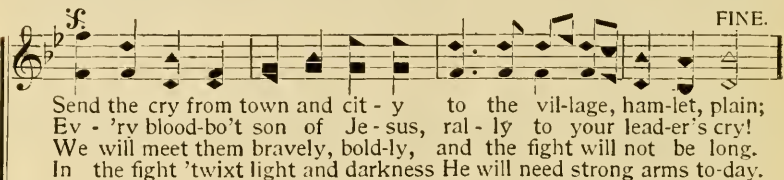
## God is Coming.

S. M. O. H.


Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.



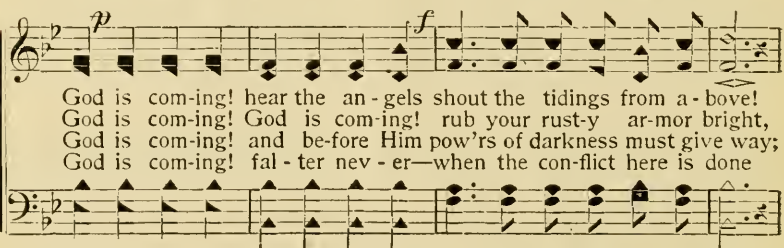
1. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! shout aloud the glad re - frain;  
 2. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! roll the notes of joy on high;  
 3. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! and the hosts of sin are strong;  
 4. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! O lift up your hearts and pray!



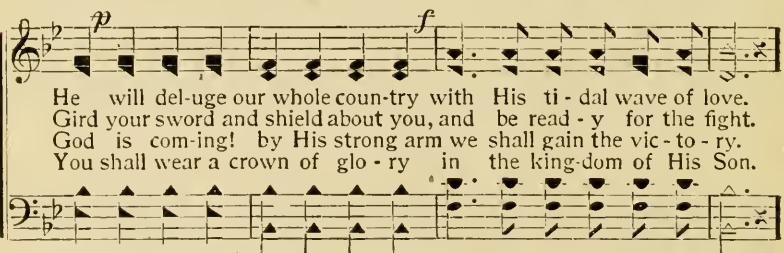
Send the cry from town and cit - y to the vil-lage, ham-let, plain;  
 Ev - 'ry blood-bo't son of Je - sus, ral - ly to your lead-er's cry!  
 We will meet them bravely, bold-ly, and the fight will not be long.  
 In the fight 'twixt light and darkness He will need strong arms to-day.



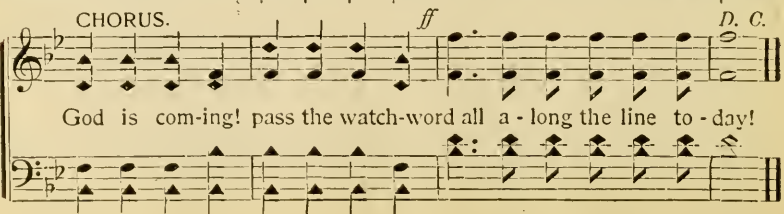
D. S.—Ev-ery man be up on du - ty, For Je - ho - vah comes this way.



God is com-ing! hear the an - gels shout the tidings from a - bove!  
 God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rust-y ar-mor bright,  
 God is com-ing! and be-fore Him pow'rs of darkness must give way;  
 God is com-ing! fal - ter nev - er—when the con-flict here is done



He will del-uge our whole coun-try with His ti - dal wave of love.  
 Gird your sword and shield about you, and be read - y for the fight.  
 God is com-ing! by His strong arm we shall gain the vic - to - ry.  
 You shall wear a crown of glo - ry in the king-dom of His Son.



CHORUS.  
 God is com-ing! pass the watch-word all a - long the line to - day!

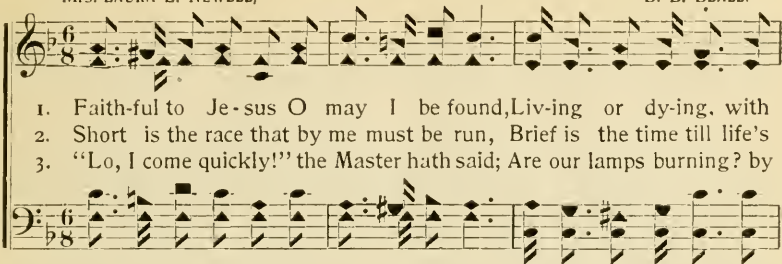


## No. 24.

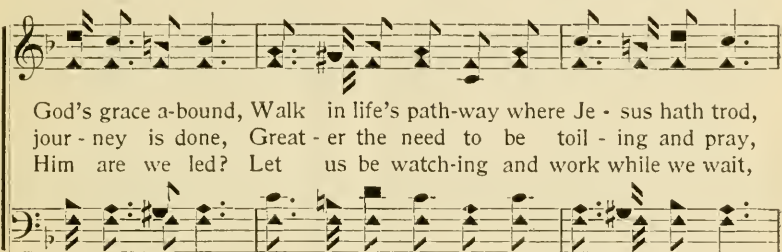
## Faithful.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL,

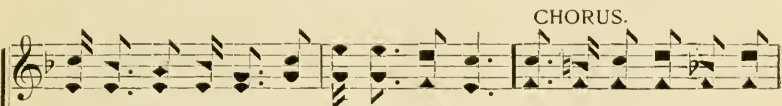
B. B. BEALL.



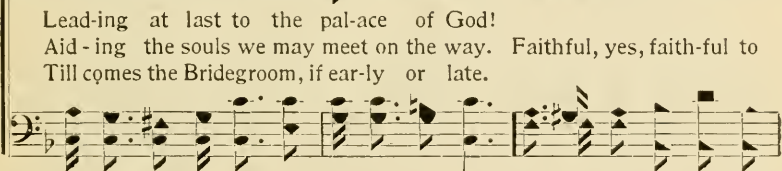
1. Faith-ful to Je-sus O may I be found, Liv-ing or dy-ing, with  
 2. Short is the race that by me must be run, Brief is the time till life's  
 3. "Lo, I come quickly!" the Master hath said; Are our lamps burning? by



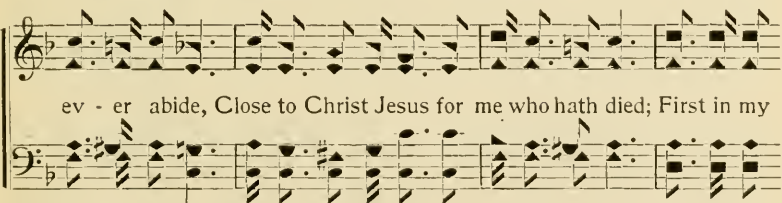
God's grace a-bound, Walk in life's path-way where Je-sus hath trod,  
 jour-ney is done, Great-er the need to be toil-ing and pray,  
 Him are we led? Let us be watch-ing and work while we wait,



CHORUS.



Lead-ing at last to the pal-ace of God!  
 Aid-ing the souls we may meet on the way. Faithful, yes, faith-ful to  
 Till comes the Bridegroom, if ear-ly or late.



ev-er abide, Close to Christ Jesus for me who hath died; First in my

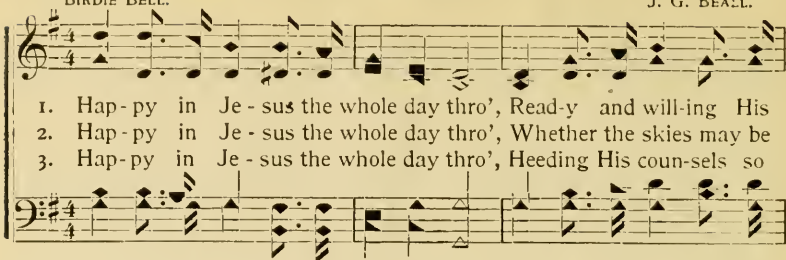


heart He my Sav-ior shall be Till I His beau-ty in heaven shall see.

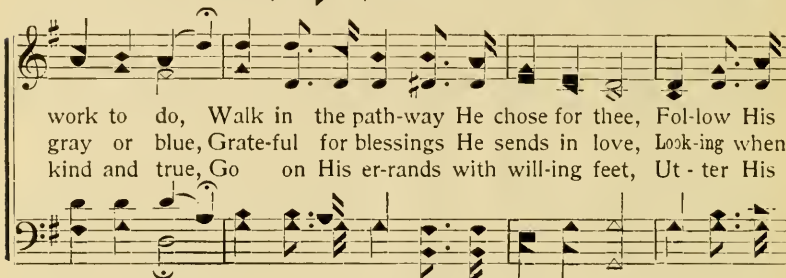
# No. 25. Happy in Jesus the Whole Day Thro'

BIRDIE BELL.

J. G. BEALL.

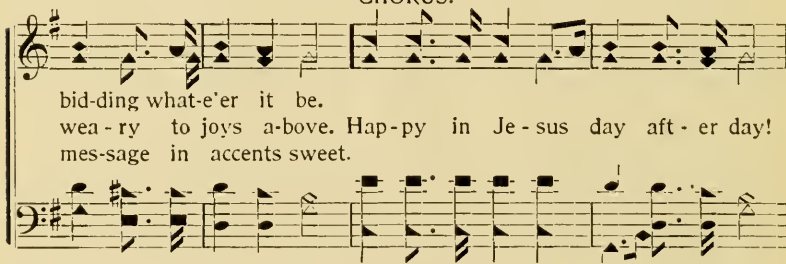


1. Hap - py in Je - sus the whole day thro', Read - y and will - ing His  
 2. Hap - py in Je - sus the whole day thro', Whether the skies may be  
 3. Hap - py in Je - sus the whole day thro', Heeding His coun - sels so




work to do, Walk in the path - way He chose for thee, Fol - low His  
 gray or blue, Grate - ful for blessings He sends in love, Look - ing when  
 kind and true, Go on His er - rands with will - ing feet, Ut - ter His

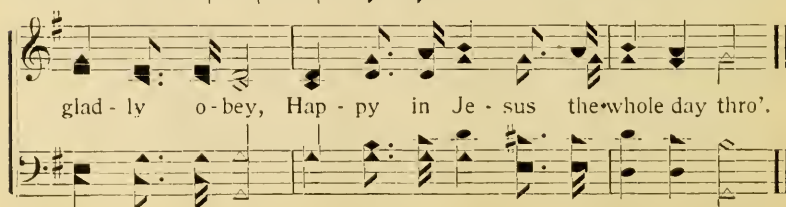
## CHORUS.



bid - ding what - e'er it be.  
 wea - ry to joys a - bove. Hap - py in Je - sus day aft - er day!  
 mes - sage in accents sweet.



Fol - low His footsteps, walk in His way, Ev - er His man - dates

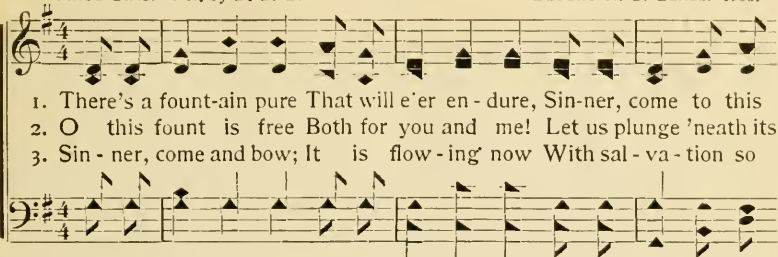


glad - ly o - bey, Hap - py in Je - sus the whole day thro'.

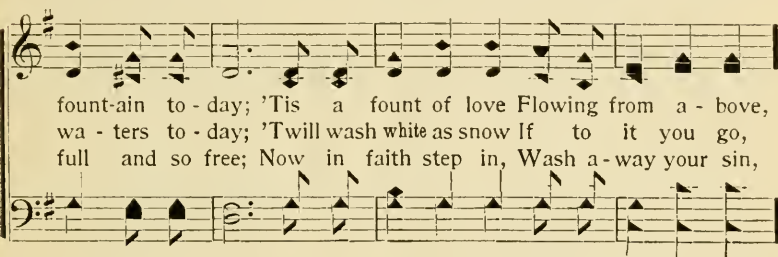
# No. 26. Sinner, Come to the Fount.

MAUD SIMS. Ref. by B. B. B.

EGBERT H. S. BEALL. 1900.

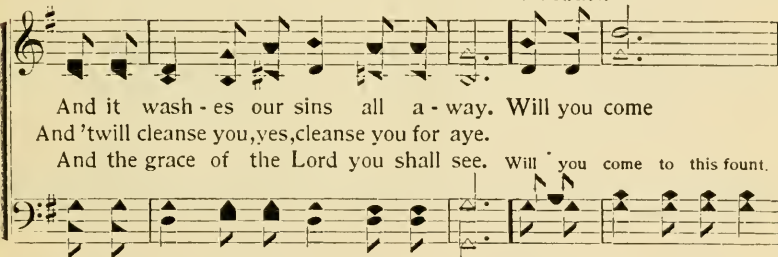


1. There's a fount-ain pure That will e'er en - dure, Sin-ner, come to this  
 2. O this fount is free Both for you and me! Let us plunge 'neath its  
 3. Sin - ner, come and bow; It is flow - ing' now With sal - va - tion so

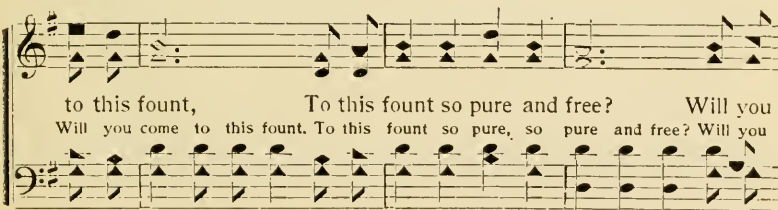


fount-ain to - day; 'Tis a fount of love Flowing from a - bove,  
 wa - ters to - day; 'Twill wash white as snow If to it you go,  
 full and so free; Now in faith step in, Wash a - way your sin,


## REFRAIN.



And it wash - es our sins all a - way. Will you come  
 And 'twill cleanse you, yes, cleanse you for aye.  
 And the grace of the Lord you shall see. Will you come to this fount.



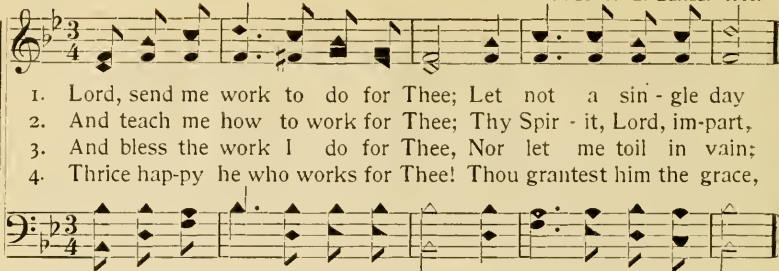
to this fount, To this fount so pure and free? Will you  
 Will you come to this fount. To this fount so pure, so pure and free? Will you



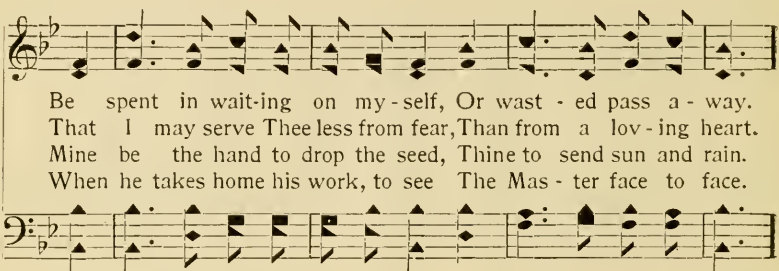
come to the fount, Flowing now for you and me?  
 come to this fount, Will you come to this fount, Flowing now for you and me?

# No. 27.      Send Me Work to Do.

PRESTON L. BEALL. 1900.

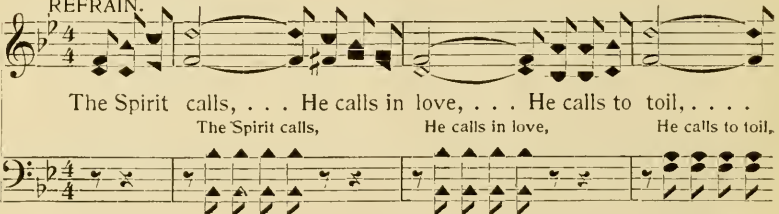


1. Lord, send me work to do for Thee; Let not a sin - gle day  
 2. And teach me how to work for Thee; Thy Spir - it, Lord, im-part,  
 3. And bless the work I do for Thee, Nor let me toil in vain;  
 4. Thrice hap-py he who works for Thee! Thou grantest him the grace,

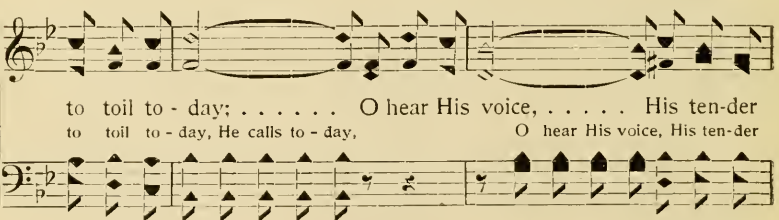


Be spent in wait-ing on my-self, Or wast - ed pass a - way.  
 That I may serve Thee less from fear, Than from a lov - ing heart.  
 Mine be the hand to drop the seed, Thine to send sun and rain.  
 When he takes home his work, to see The Mas - ter face to face.

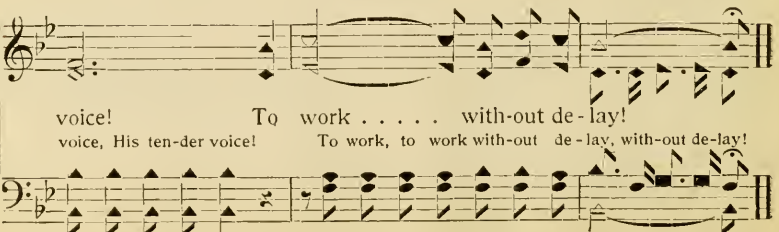
REFRAIN.



The Spirit calls, . . . He calls in love, . . . He calls to toil, . . .  
 The Spirit calls,                      He calls in love,                      He calls to toil,



to toil to - day; . . . . . O hear His voice, . . . . . His tender  
 to toil to - day, He calls to - day,                      O hear His voice, His ten-der



voice!                      To work . . . . . with-out de-lay!  
 voice, His ten-der voice!                      To work, to work with-out de-lay, with-out de-lay!

J. P. L.

J. P. LANE.

1. Marching, marching 'neath the flag of Je - sus, With our ban - ner  
 2. Marching, marching! come a-long and join us, Fight for Je - sus,  
 3. Marching, marching! do not wait or lin - ger; Je - sus bids us

float - ing in the breeze; In the name of Je - sus we will con-quer,  
 He of Cal - va - ry; If you love Him you will come and fol - low,  
 fol - low on - ly Him; In His ar - my they can not grow wea-ry,

## REFRAIN.

In His name a - lone we hope to please. March - ing on -  
 Fol - low Him, for He hath set you free.  
 Nor the eyes of them that see, grow dim. Marching onward, marching onward,

ward, Marching, marching to that land of love; March - ing  
 on - ward, March - ing on - ward,

on - - ward, Marching, march - ing to our home a - bove.  
 march - ing on - ward, on - ward.



HEAVEN.

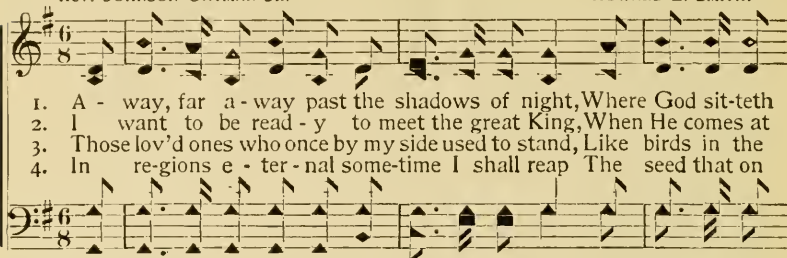
## No. 29. In Wonderful Worlds Unknown.

(Dedicated to the World's W. C. T. U.)

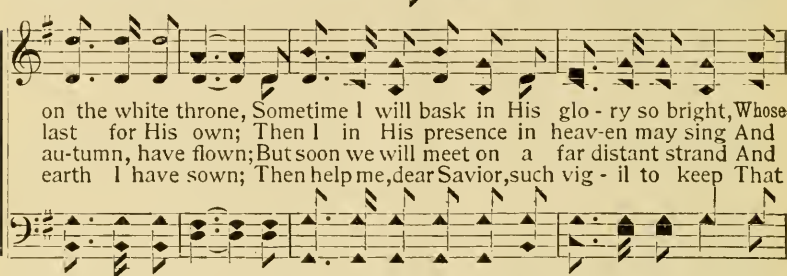
"This is my last will and testament, after fifty-six years of my Heavenly Father's discipline and blessing to prepare me for better work hereafter—as I believe—in wonderful worlds unknown."—*Frances E. Willard.*

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN JR.

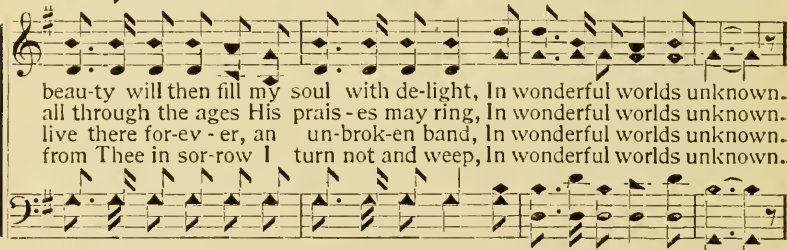
HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. A - way, far a-way past the shadows of night, Where God sit-teth  
2. I want to be read - y to meet the great King, When He comes at  
3. Those lov'd ones who once by my side used to stand, Like birds in the  
4. In re-gions e - ter - nal some-time I shall reap The seed that on

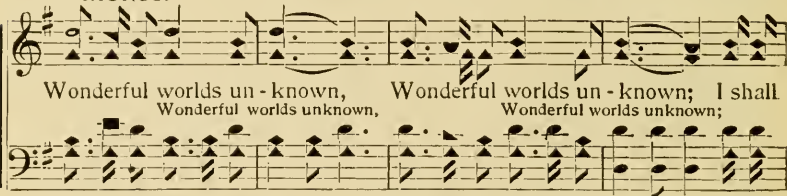


on the white throne, Sometime I will bask in His glo - ry so bright, Whose  
last for His own; Then I in His presence in heav-en may sing And  
au-tumn, have flown; But soon we will meet on a far distant strand And  
earth I have sown; Then help me, dear Savior, such vig - il to keep That

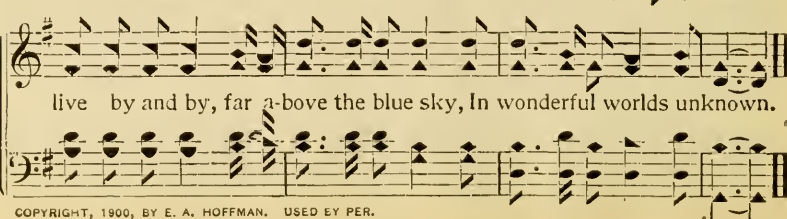


beau-ty will then fill my soul with de-light, In wonderful worlds unknown.  
all through the ages His prais-es may ring, In wonderful worlds unknown.  
live there for-ev - er, an un-brok-en band, In wonderful worlds unknown.  
from Thee in sor-row I turn not and weep, In wonderful worlds unknown.

### CHORUS.



Wonderful worlds un - known, Wonderful worlds un - known; I shall  
Wonderful worlds unknown, Wonderful worlds unknown;

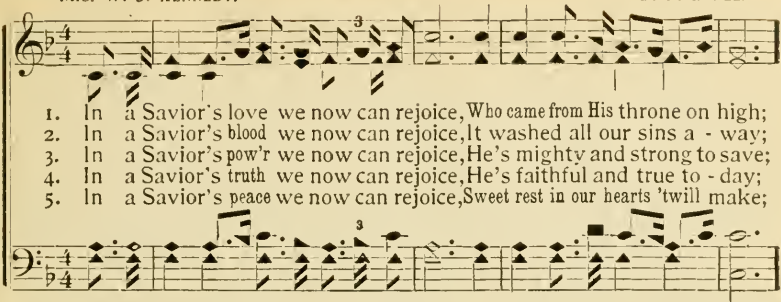


live by and by, far a-bove the blue sky, In wonderful worlds unknown.

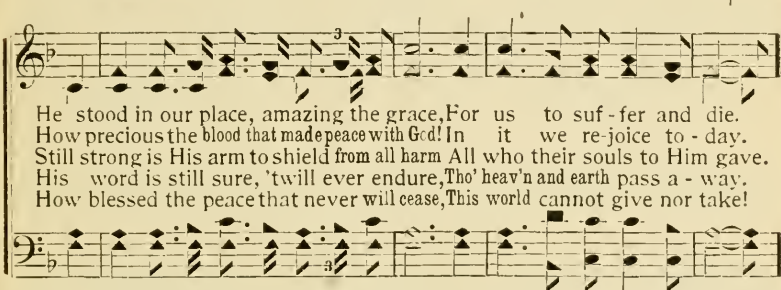
# No. 30. We now Can Rejoice.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

B. B. BEALL.

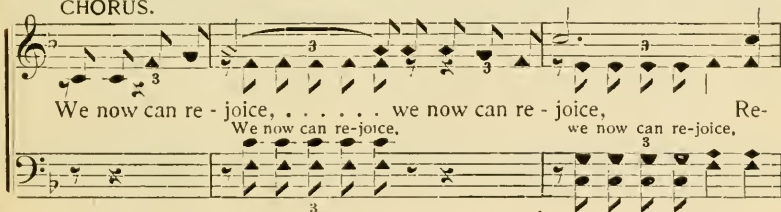


1. In a Savior's love we now can rejoice, Who came from His throne on high;  
 2. In a Savior's blood we now can rejoice, It washed all our sins a - way;  
 3. In a Savior's pow'r we now can rejoice, He's mighty and strong to save;  
 4. In a Savior's truth we now can rejoice, He's faithful and true to - day;  
 5. In a Savior's peace we now can rejoice, Sweet rest in our hearts 'twill make;



He stood in our place, amazing the grace, For us to suf-fer and die.  
 How precious the blood that made peace with God! In it we re-joice to - day.  
 Still strong is His arm to shield from all harm All who their souls to Him gave.  
 His word is still sure, 'twill ever endure, Tho' heav'n and earth pass a - way.  
 How blessed the peace that never will cease, This world cannot give nor take!

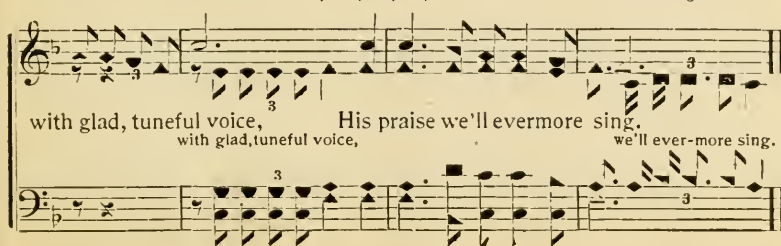
## CHORUS.



We now can re - joice, . . . . . we now can re - joice, Re-  
 We now can re-joice, we now can re-joice,



joice in Je-sus our King; Hallelujah! We now can re - joice . . . . .  
 We now can re-joice,



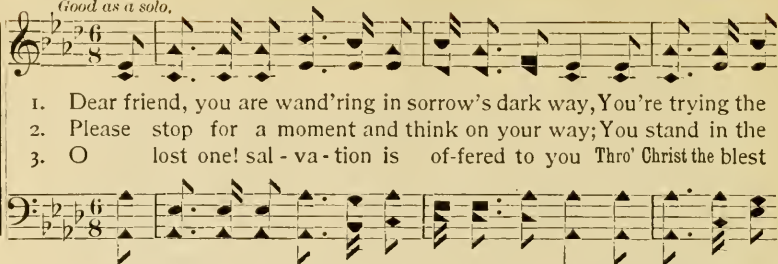
with glad, tuneful voice, His praise we'll evermore sing.  
 with glad, tuneful voice, we'll ever-more sing.

## No. 31.

## A Plea to the Sinner.

B. B. BEALL,  
*Good as a solo,*

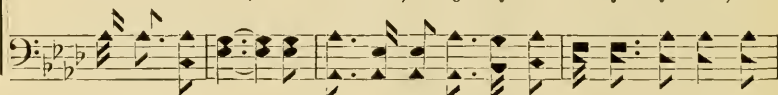
T. N. BEALL.



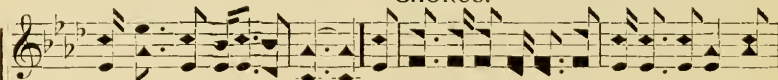
1. Dear friend, you are wand'ring in sorrow's dark way, You're trying the  
2. Please stop for a moment and think on your way; You stand in the  
3. O lost one! sal - va - tion is of - fer - ed to you Thro' Christ the blest



pleas - ures of sin; You'll find that the things you are trusting to-day Will  
world without light, A wan - der - er out on the mountain a-stray, Con -  
Cru - ci - fied One; Just trust Him, He'll guide you the whole journey thro', And

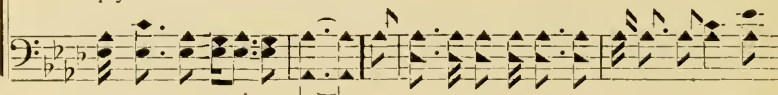


## CHORUS.

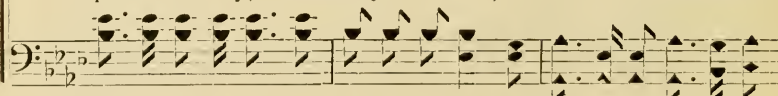
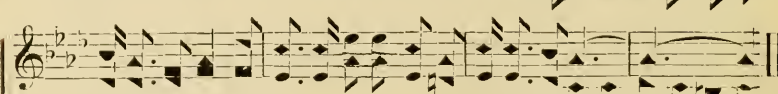


nev - er give peace with-in.

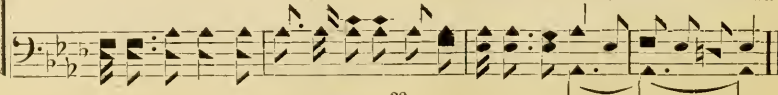
demned by the law of right. Then come to the Savior, the sinner's best Friend; Ac -  
keep you when life's work is done.




cept of His mercy, He'll cleanse you from sin; And when at death's Jordan the

cross you lay down, He'll take you to heav'n and give you a crown. . . . .  
a beau - ti - ful crown.





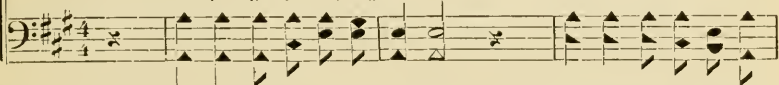
J. S. D

J. S. DAVIS.



1. Now, poor guilt - y, weeping sinner, Why this ag - o - ny and
2. Hark! you're bid - den to accept Him, And have life for-ev-er -
3. Now to Je - sus with thy burdens; O His pre - cious word be-

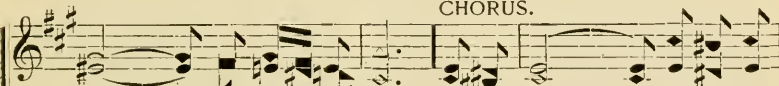
1. Now, poor guilty, weep-ing sin - ner, Why this ag - o - ny and



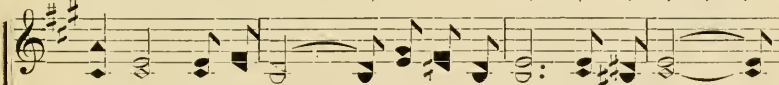
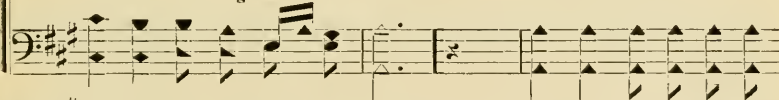
pain? 'Twas for you . . . . the Sav - ior suf - fer'd; Was His  
more; Now He's stand - - ing, knocking, plead - ing At thy  
lieve! All thy weep - - ing and be - wail - ing Nev - er  
pain? 'Tas for you the Sav - ior suf - fer'd,



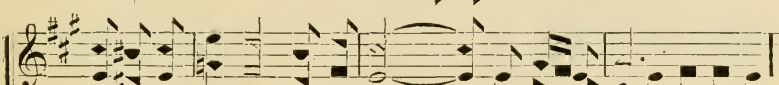
## CHORUS.



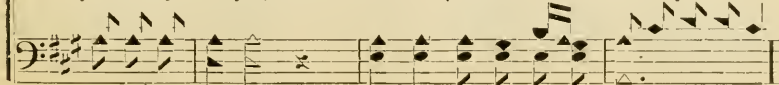
suf - - f'ring all in vain? Can't you trust . . . the lov-ing  
stub - born heart's clos'd door.  
will . . . your soul re-lieve. Can't you trust the lov-ing  
Was His suf - f'ring all in vain?



Sav - ior, Who laid down . . His life for you, He will save . . .  
Sav - ior, Who laid down His life for you? He will save



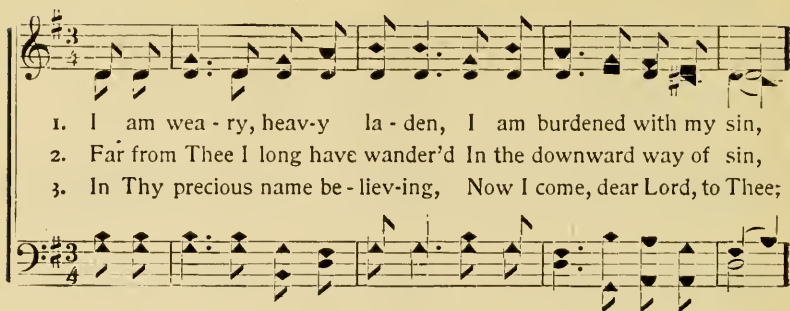
you, surely save you; God has prom - is'd, and 'tis true.  
you, sure-ly save you, God has promis'd, and 'tis true, oh, yes, 'tis true.



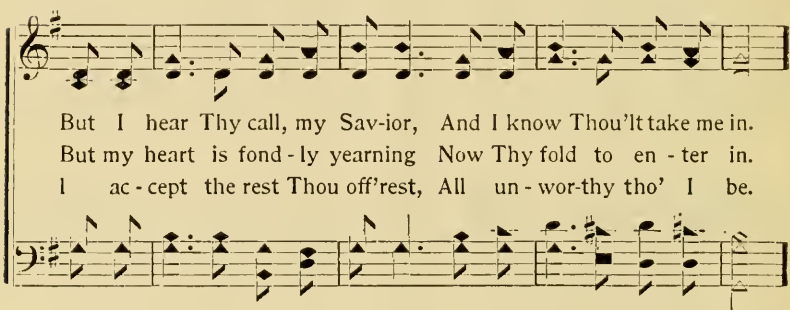
# No. 33. I am Weary, Heavy Laden.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY

J. GUY BEALL.

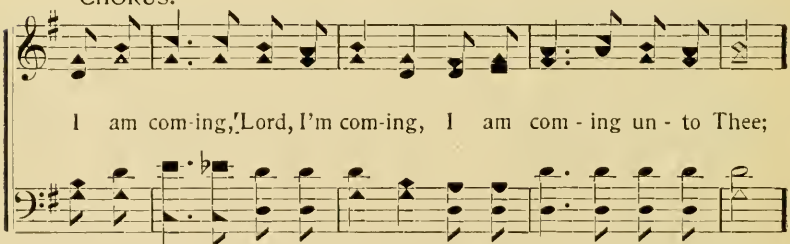


1. I am wea - ry, heav-y la - den, I am burdened with my sin,  
2. Far from Thee I long have wander'd In the downward way of sin,  
3. In Thy precious name be - liev-ing, Now I come, dear Lord, to Thee;

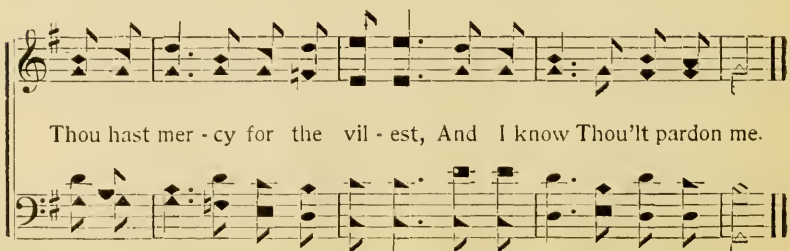


But I hear Thy call, my Sav-ior, And I know Thou'lt take me in.  
But my heart is fond - ly yearning Now Thy fold to en - ter in.  
I ac - cept the rest Thou off'rest, All un - wor - thy tho' I be.

## CHORUS.



I am com-ing, Lord, I'm com-ing, I am com - ing un - to Thee;



Thou hast mer - cy for the vil - est, And I know Thou'lt pardon me.

# No. 34.

# Beautiful Home.

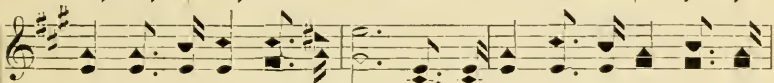
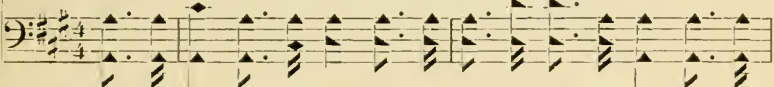
(To my friend and class-mate, Prof. B. B. Beall.)

J. J. M.

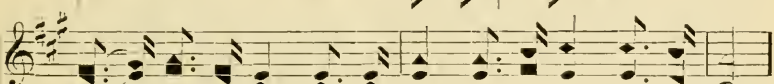
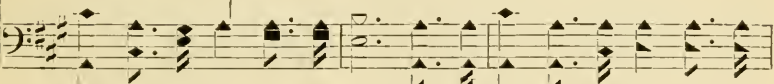
JOHN J. MATHEWS.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far be - yond the star - ry sky, Christ has
2. There I'll sing with the an - gels of Moses and the Lamb, While the
3. I will dwell in that home with the lov'd ones gone before, And with



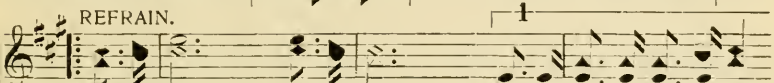
gone to pre - pare o - ver there; I shall dwell in that home in the  
a - ges e - ter - nal - ly fly; For the Lord will be there with the  
them all its bless - ed - ness share, And for - ev - er the Sav - ior of



sweet by and by; How I long, how I long to be there!  
sav'd from ev - 'ry land, In that home in the sweet by and by.  
sin - ners a - dore, And be hap - py and blest o - ver there.

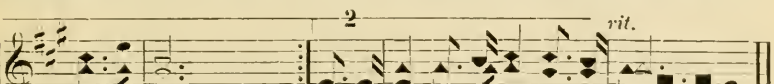


## REFRAIN.



Then I'll sing, sweetly sing In the mansions where the blest

Then I'll sing, sweet - ly sing



nev - er die; In that home in the sweet by and by.

nev - er die;

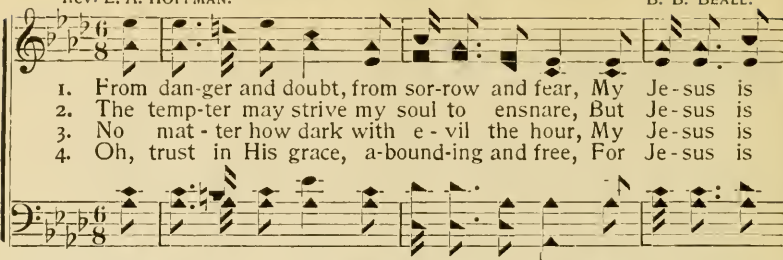
by and by.



# No. 35. My Jesus is Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.

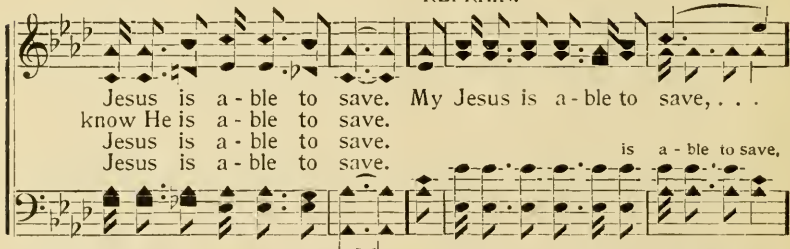


1. From dan-ger and doubt, from sor-row and fear, My Je-sus is  
 2. The temp-ter may strive my soul to ensnare, But Je-sus is  
 3. No mat-ter how dark with e-vil the hour, My Je-sus is  
 4. Oh, trust in His grace, a-bound-ing and free, For Je-sus is

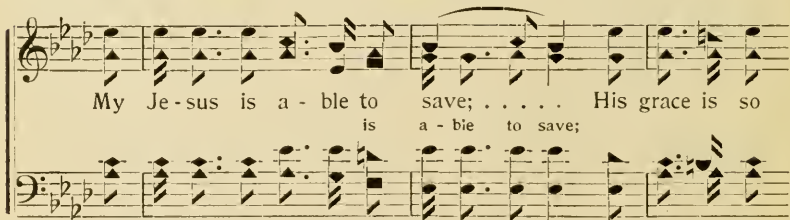


a-ble to save; . . . When trouble and care and tri-al are near, My  
 a-ble to save; . . . For ref-uge I flee to Je-sus in pray'r, I  
 a-ble to save; . . . For His is the kingdom, glory and pow'r, For  
 a-ble to save; . . . And nev-er dismayed, dis-com-fit-ed be, For  
 is a-ble to save;

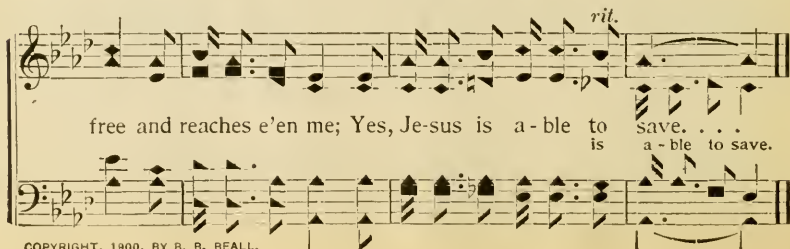
## REFRAIN.



Je-sus is a-ble to save. My Je-sus is a-ble to save, . . .  
 know He is a-ble to save.  
 Je-sus is a-ble to save. is a-ble to save,  
 Je-sus is a-ble to save.



My Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . His grace is so  
 is a-ble to save;

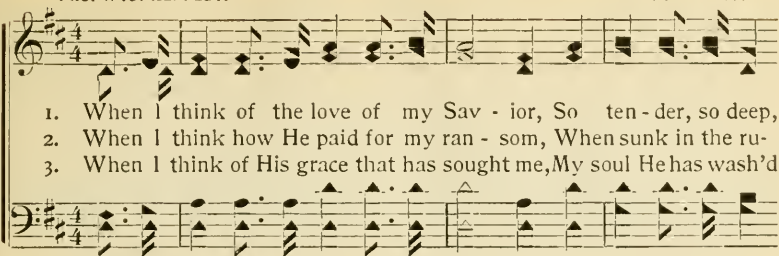


free and reaches e'en me; Yes, Je-sus is a-ble to save. . . .  
 is a-ble to save.

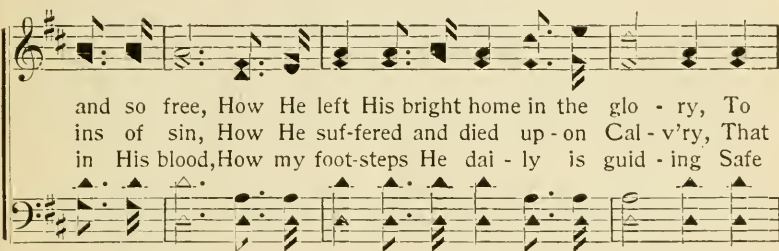
# No. 36. In My Soul There is Gladness.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

T. N. BEALL.



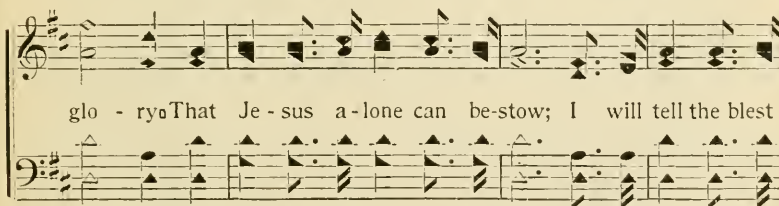
1. When I think of the love of my Sav - ior, So ten - der, so deep,  
 2. When I think how He paid for my ran - som, When sunk in the ru -  
 3. When I think of His grace that has sought me, My soul He has wash'd



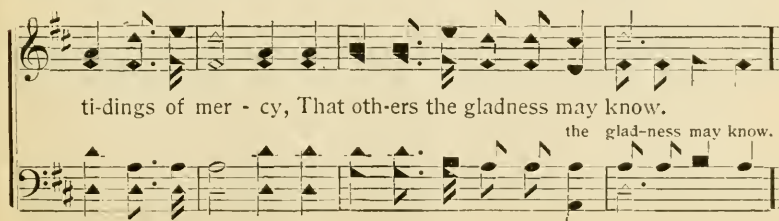
and so free, How He left His bright home in the glo - ry, To  
 ins of sin, How He suf - ered and died up - on Cal - v'ry, That  
 in His blood, How my foot - steps He dai - ly is guid - ing Safe



CHORUS.  
 res - cue a sin - ner like me.  
 par - don for me He might win. In my soul there is glad - ness and  
 home to the cit - y of God.



glo - ry That Je - sus a - lone can be - stow; I will tell the blest



ti - dings of mer - cy, That oth - ers the gladness may know.  
 the glad - ness may know.



# No. 37. The Home Beyond.

J. L. CLINE.

C. A. CLINE.

1. There's a pure and holy clime where all the saints shall rest, Just beyond the  
 2. We shall meet our loved ones who have laid their armor by, And have joined the  
 3. Sav - ior, keep us pure as Thou art in that home so blest, Where our lov'd ones

swell - ing tide, Just be-yond the swelling tide; And the ransomed of the  
 ransomed throng, And have join'd the ransom'd throng, And we too shall swell the  
 nev - er die, Where our lov'd ones nev-er die; That when life with us is

Lord who were by sin oppress'd Shall with Christ, their Savior, there fore'er abide.  
 cho-rus of redemption's song, While the years of cease - less a-ges roll a-long.  
 over we may find sweet rest, In the home-land of the soul beyond the sky.  
 a-bide.

REFRAIN.

We are marching to our home, To our bright, supernal home, Where the

saints of God shall sweetly dwell; There the ransom'd of the Lord,  
 sweetly dwell;

# The Home Beyond. Concluded.

Thro' the a - ges yet to come, Shall their Savior's praises swell.  
 prais-es swell.

No. 38.

## Praise of God.

Mrs. J. L. CLINE.

J. L. CLINE.

1. Prais - es to God the Fa - ther We most cheer-ful-ly sing;
2. Prais - es to God the Fa - ther Let the na-tions pro - claim;
3. Help us, O Lord, to trust Thee, That when blessings have flown,
4. Praise Him, ye shin-ing an - gels On your harps of pure gold;

FINE.

For His un-bound-ed good - ness Glad-ly our songs we bring.  
 For His great, loving kind - ness, Let us ex - alt His name.  
 We may then still re - vere Thee For Thy dear self a - lone.  
 Praise Him, ye hosts of heav - en, All who His face be - hold.

D. S.—Glo - ry to God the Spir - it, Glo - ry to Three in One.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to Christ, His Son,

E. R. LATTI.

B. B. BEALL.

1. Have you heard what joys they share, Where Jesus is, . . . . .  
 2. Have you heard of crowns of light, Where Jesus is, . . . . .  
 3. Have you heard that we may go Where Jesus is, . . . . .  
 1. Have you heard what joys they share, Where Jesus is,

where Je-sus is, . . . . . And how all . . . . . is bright and  
 where Je-sus is, . . . . . And of saints . . . . . arrayed in  
 where Je-sus is, . . . . . No more ills. . . . . of earth to  
 where Je - sus is, And how all

fair, . . . . . Where Jesus is, . . . . . where Jesus is? . . . . .  
 white, . . . . . Where Jesus is, . . . . . where Jesus is? . . . . .  
 know, . . . . . Where Jesus is, . . . . . where Jesus is? . . . . .  
 is bright and fair, Where Je-sus is, where Je-sus is?

## REFRAIN.

Let us march . . . . . to yon blest home, . . . . . Where we  
 Let us march to yon blest home, Let us march to yon blest home, Where we

## Where Jesus Is. Concluded.

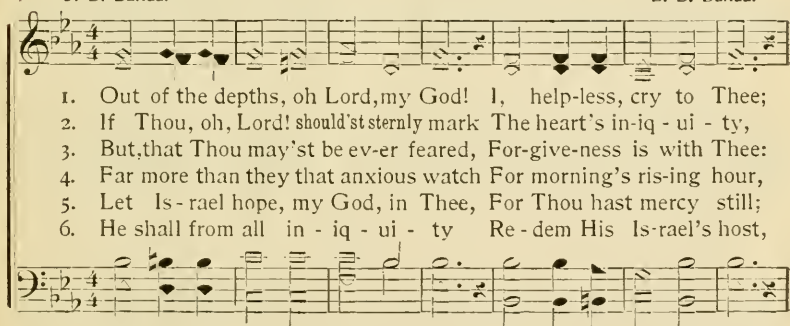


nev - er more shall roam, . . . And no troub - les e'er can  
 never more shall roam, Where we never more shall roam, And no troubles e'er can come, And no  
 come, . . . Where Jesus is, . . . where Jesus is. . . . .  
 troubles e'er can come, Where Jesus is, where Je-sus is, where Je-sus is.

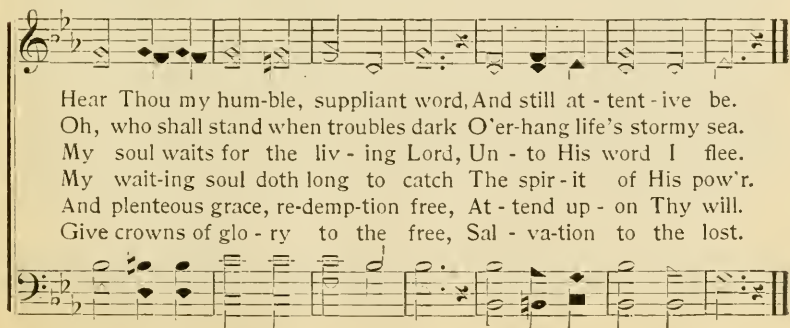
## No. 40. Out of the Depths.

J. B. BEALL.

B. B. BEALL.



1. Out of the depths, oh Lord, my God! I, help-less, cry to Thee;  
 2. If Thou, oh, Lord! should'st sternly mark The heart's in-iq - ui - ty,  
 3. But, that Thou may'st be ev-er feared, For-give-ness is with Thee:  
 4. Far more than they that anxious watch For morning's ris-ing hour,  
 5. Let Is-rael hope, my God, in Thee, For Thou hast mercy still;  
 6. He shall from all in - iq - ui - ty Re-dem His Is-rael's host,



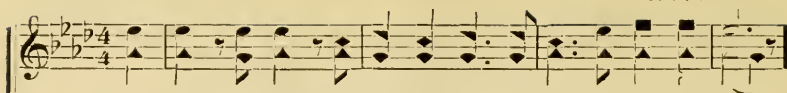
Hear Thou my hum-ble, suppliant word, And still at - tent - ive be.  
 Oh, who shall stand when troubles dark O'er-hang life's stormy sea.  
 My soul waits for the liv - ing Lord, Un - to His word I flee.  
 My wait-ing soul doth long to catch The spir-it of His pow'r.  
 And plenteous grace, re-demp-tion free, At - tend up - on Thy will.  
 Give crowns of glo - ry to the free, Sal - va-tion to the lost.

# No. 41.

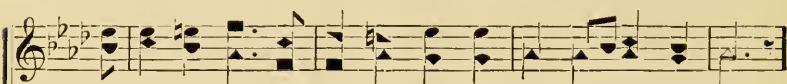
# Rejoice!

LAURA E. NEWELL.

T. N. BEALL.



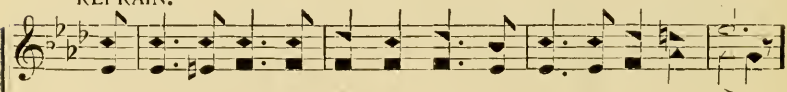
1. Re - joice, re-joice, the Lord is King! A - gain I say, re - joice!
2. Re - joice, my soul, and hope in Him, Whose arm the world upholds,
3. Re - joice, rejoice, sound forth His praise Whose glory shall in-crease!



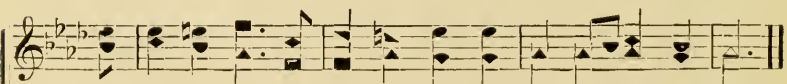
Pre - sent to Him your of - fer - ing, And praise with heart and voice.  
The star whose light is nev - er dim, Whose wondrous love en - folds!  
For - ev - er chant ex - ult - ant lays, He brings His peo - ple peace.



## REFRAIN.



Re - joice! the King of glo - ry waits! To Him all hom-age be;



He opes for thee the pear - ly gates; Re-joice e - ter - nal - ly!

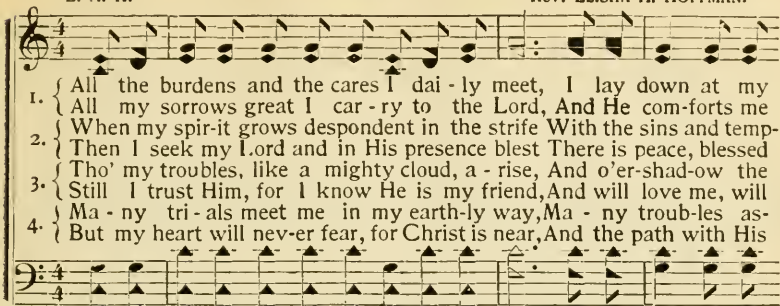




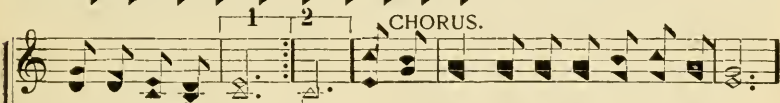
# No. 42. Christ Has Promised to be with Me.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

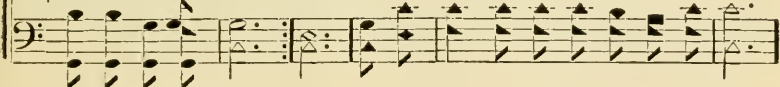
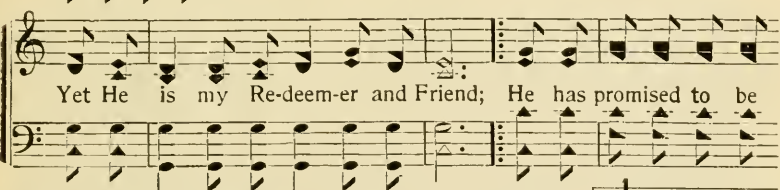


1. { All the burdens and the cares I dai - ly meet, I lay down at my  
 2. { All my sorrows great I car - ry to the Lord, And He com-forts me  
 3. { When my spir-it grows despondent in the strife With the sins and temp-  
 4. { Then I seek my Lord and in His presence blest There is peace, blessed  
 5. { Tho' my troubles, like a mighty cloud, a - rise, And o'er-shad-ow the  
 6. { Still I trust Him, for I know He is my friend, And will love me, will  
 7. { Ma - ny tri - als meet me in my earth-ly way, Ma - ny troub-les as-  
 8. { But my heart will nev-er fear, for Christ is near, And the path with His

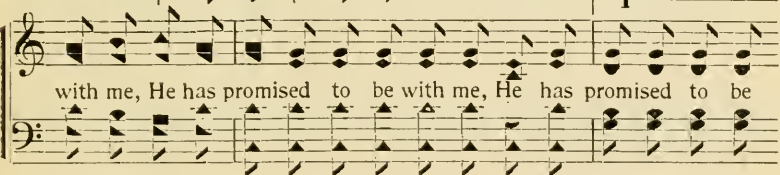


1. 2. CHORUS.

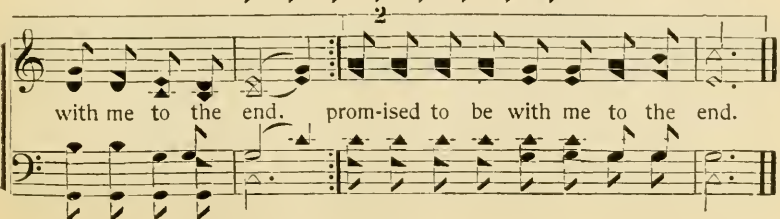
dear Redeemer's feet; }  
 great-ly with His } Word.  
 ta - tions of this life, }  
 peace and perfect } rest. Ma - ny sor - rows and trials He may send,  
 brightness of the skies, }  
 love me to the } end.  
 sail me day by day, }  
 presence He will } cheer.

Yet He is my Re-deem-er and Friend; He has promised to be



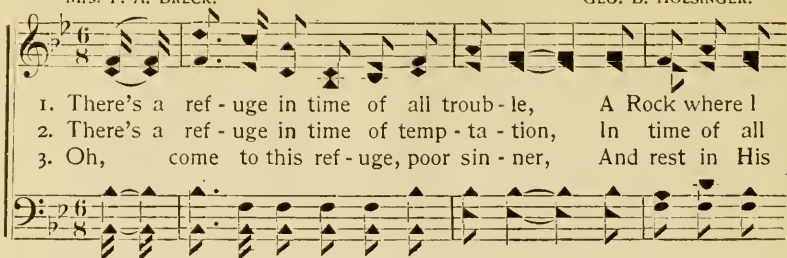
with me, He has promised to be with me, He has promised to be



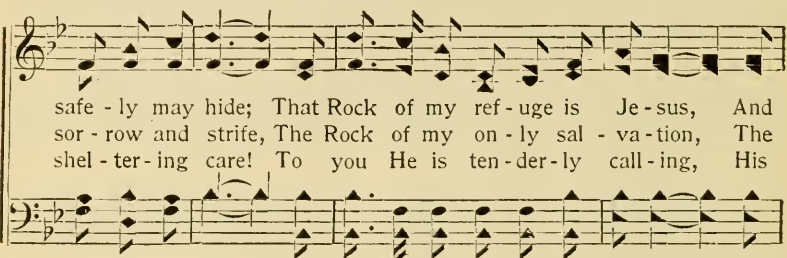
with me to the end. prom-ised to be with me to the end.

Mrs. F. A. BRECK.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

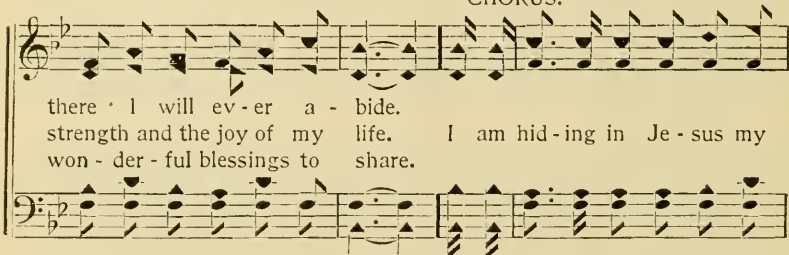


1. There's a ref - uge in time of all troub - le, A Rock where I  
 2. There's a ref - uge in time of temp - ta - tion, In time of all  
 3. Oh, come to this ref - uge, poor sin - ner, And rest in His

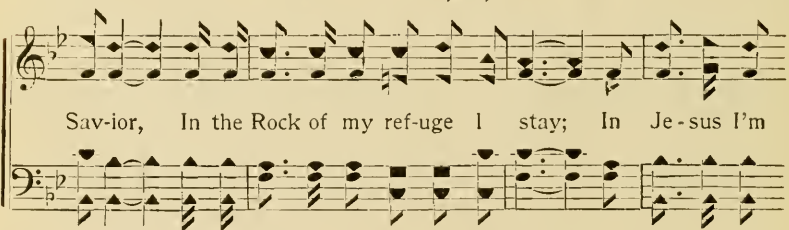


safe - ly may hide; That Rock of my ref - uge is Je - sus, And  
 sor - row and strife, The Rock of my on - ly sal - va - tion, The  
 shel - ter - ing care! To you He is ten - der - ly call - ing, His

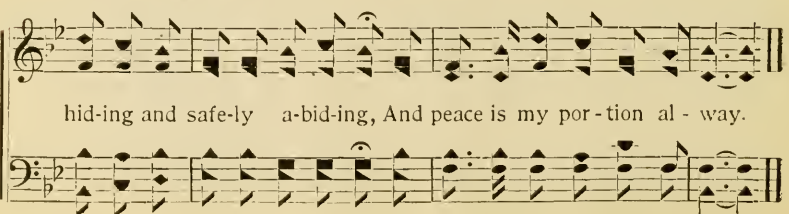
## CHORUS.



there I will ev - er a - bide.  
 strength and the joy of my life. I am hid - ing in Je - sus my  
 won - der - ful blessings to share.



Sav - ior, In the Rock of my ref - uge I stay; In Je - sus I'm

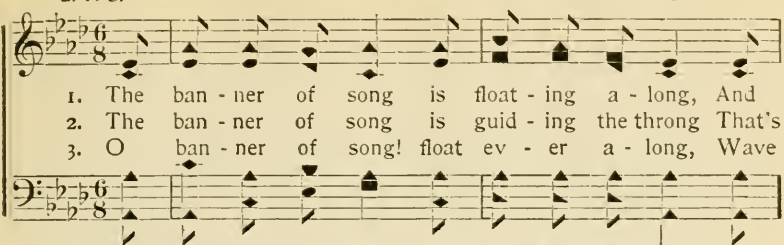


hid - ing and safe - ly a - bid - ing, And peace is my por - tion al - way.

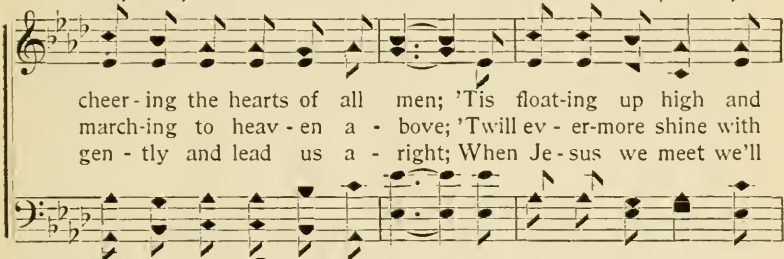
# No. 44. The Banner of Song.

E. F. S.

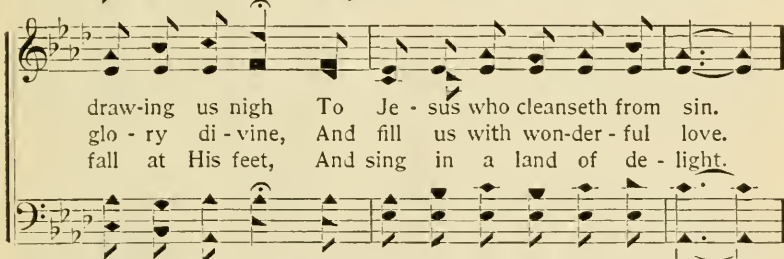
E. F. STANTON.



1. The ban - ner of song is float - ing a - long, And  
 2. The ban - ner of song is guid - ing the throng That's  
 3. O ban - ner of song! float ev - er a - long, Wave

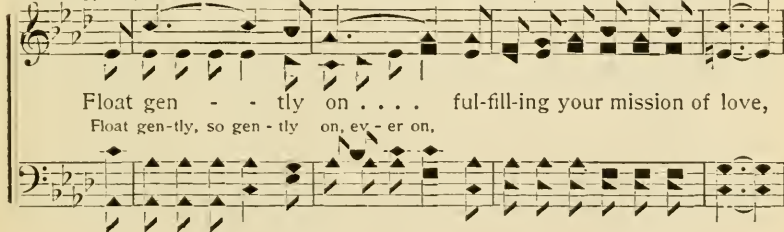


cheer - ing the hearts of all men; 'Tis float - ing up high and  
 march - ing to heav - en a - bove; 'Twill ev - er - more shine with  
 gen - tly and lead us a - right; When Je - sus we meet we'll

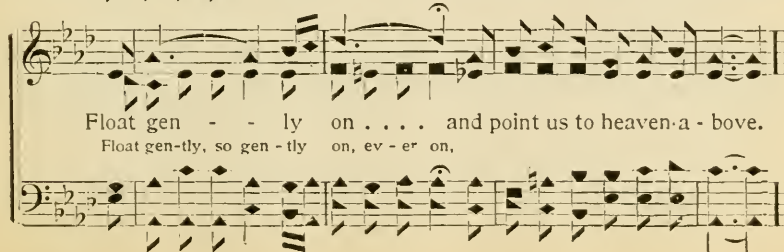


draw - ing us nigh To Je - sus who cleanseth from sin.  
 glo - ry di - vine, And fill us with won - der - ful love.  
 fall at His feet, And sing in a land of de - light.

## REFRAIN.



Float gen - - tly on . . . . ful - fill - ing your mission of love,  
 Float gen - tly, so gen - tly on, ev - er on,



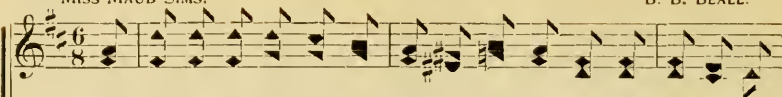
Float gen - - ly on . . . . and point us to heav - en - a - bove.  
 Float gen - tly, so gen - tly on, ev - er on,

## No. 45.

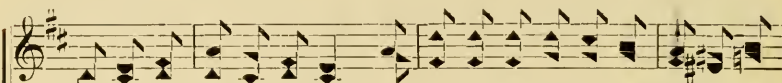
## The Kind Call.

MISS MAUD SIMS.

B. B. BEALL.



1. The Fa-ther has made a great feast at His mansion; The sup-er is
2. The halt and the maimed have re-ceived in - vi - ta-tions, The poor and the
3. Now, sinner, He comes to your heart with His pleadings; The door will you



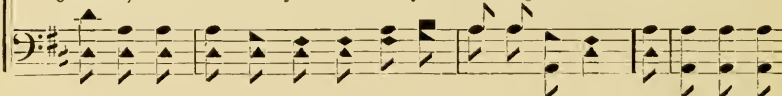
read - y, He bids you come in; His servants He sends to the highways and  
need-y, He bids them come, too; The deaf and the blind, He entreats them to  
o - pen to let Him come in? He'll freely forgive all your wrongs and trans-



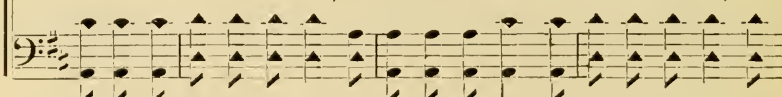
## REFRAIN.



hedg-es, To bid all come in from their old haunts of sin.  
en - ter, And see what His love and His mer-cy can do. Tho' thousands have  
gressions, And welcome you home from your wand'rings in sin.



come there is still room for more; He bids them come home from shore un-to shore; The



kind invitation says, "Cease now to roam, There's room in my home for all who will come."





## No. 46.

## I Long to Be There.

T. J. W.

(Inscribed to Prof. B. B. Beall.)

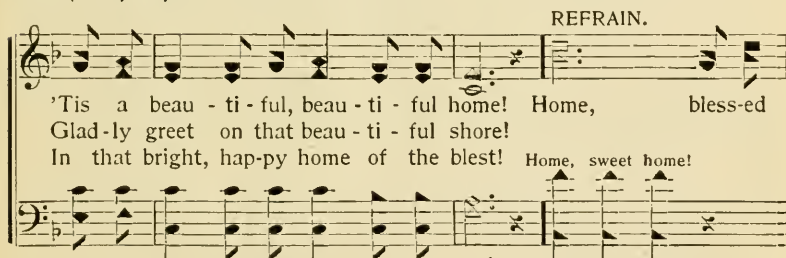
T. J. WILSON.



1. There is a land, a love-ly land, Where sorrows and  
 2. 'Tis a land of bliss where there's perfect peace; Pain and death there are  
 3. O love-ly land! on thy gold-en strand, Soon this lone, weary



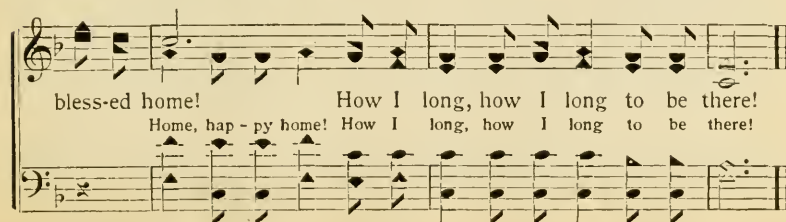
tears nev-er come, Where the heav'nly light will dis-pel all night;  
 felt nev-er-more, And we soon shall meet there our friends to greet,—  
 spir-it shall rest, And shall join the song of the ransomed throng,



REFRAIN.  
 'Tis a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! Home, bless-ed  
 Glad-ly greet on that beau-ti-ful shore!  
 In that bright, hap-py home of the blest! Home, sweet home!



home! Land bright and fair! Home,  
 Home, sweet home! Love-ly land, Land bright and fair! Home, sweet home!

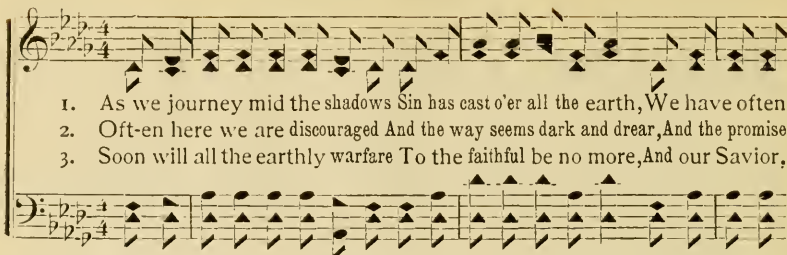


bless-ed home! How I long, how I long to be there!  
 Home, hap-py home! How I long, how I long to be there!

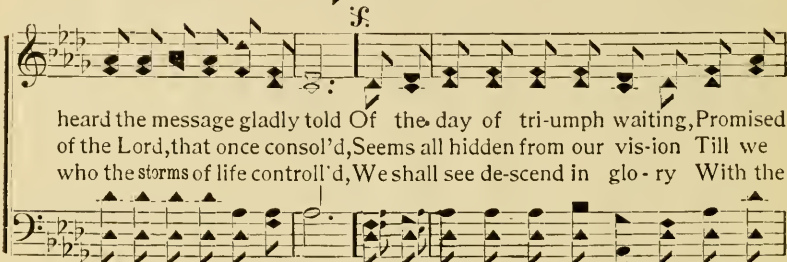


L. A. M.

Rev. L. A. MORRIS.



1. As we journey mid the shadows Sin has cast o'er all the earth, We have often  
 2. Oft-en here we are discouraged And the way seems dark and drear, And the promise  
 3. Soon will all the earthly warfare To the faithful be no more, And our Savior,



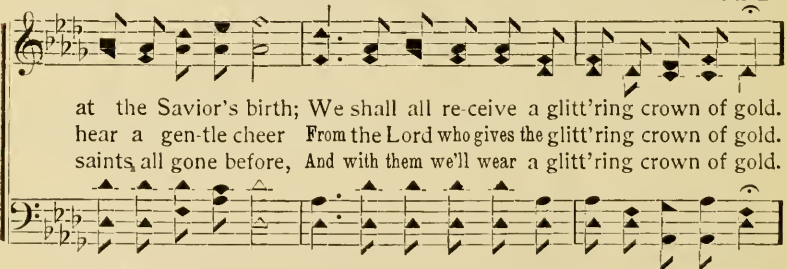
heard the message gladly told Of the day of tri-umph waiting, Promised  
 of the Lord, that once consol'd, Seems all hidden from our vis-ion Till we  
 who the storms of life controll'd, We shall see de-scend in glo-ry With the

D. S.—When the battles all are o-ver, If we're

D. S.—We will trust amid the shadows, In the

D. S.—When the warfare all is o-ver, With the

FINE.

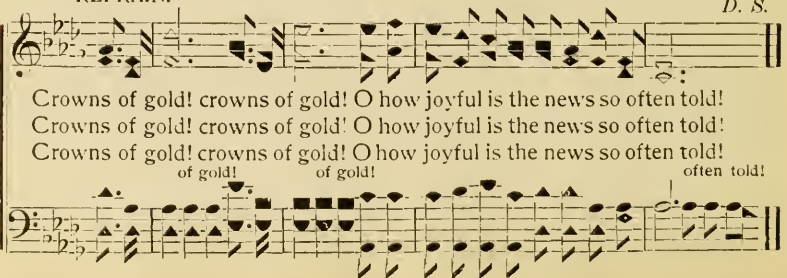


at the Savior's birth; We shall all re-ceive a glitt'ring crown of gold.  
 hear a gen-tle cheer From the Lord who gives the glitt'ring crown of gold.  
 saints all gone before, And with them we'll wear a glitt'ring crown of gold.

faithful, true and bold We shall all receive a glitt'ring crown of gold.  
 sto-ry true as old; We shall all receive a glitt'ring crown of gold.  
 faith-ful true and bold, We shall wear a fadeless, glitt'ring crown of gold.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

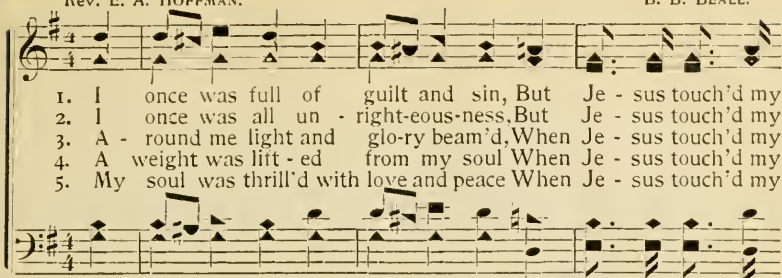


Crowns of gold! crowns of gold! O how joyful is the news so often told!  
 Crowns of gold! crowns of gold! O how joyful is the news so often told!  
 Crowns of gold! crowns of gold! O how joyful is the news so often told!

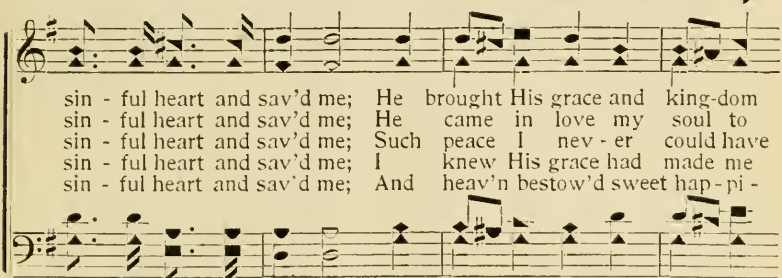
# No. 48. Jesus Touched My Sinful Heart.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.



1. I once was full of guilt and sin, But Je - sus touch'd my  
 2. I once was all un - right-eous-ness, But Je - sus touch'd my  
 3. A - round me light and glo-ry beam'd, When Je - sus touch'd my  
 4. A weight was lift - ed from my soul When Je - sus touch'd my  
 5. My soul was thrill'd with love and peace When Je - sus touch'd my

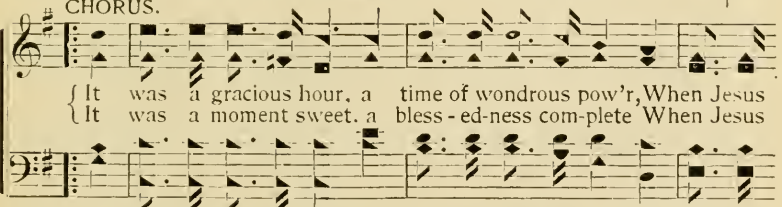


sin - ful heart and sav'd me; He brought His grace and king-dom  
 sin - ful heart and sav'd me; He came in love my soul to  
 sin - ful heart and sav'd me; Such peace I nev - er could have  
 sin - ful heart and sav'd me; I knew His grace had made me  
 sin - ful heart and sav'd me; And heav'n bestow'd sweet hap - pi -

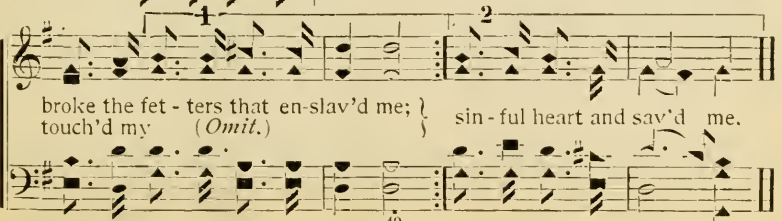


in, For Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me.  
 bless, And Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me.  
 dream'd When Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me.  
 whole, For Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me.  
 ness When Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me.

## CHORUS.



{ It was a gracious hour, a time of wondrous pow'r, When Jesus  
 { It was a moment sweet, a bless - ed-ness com-plete When Jesus

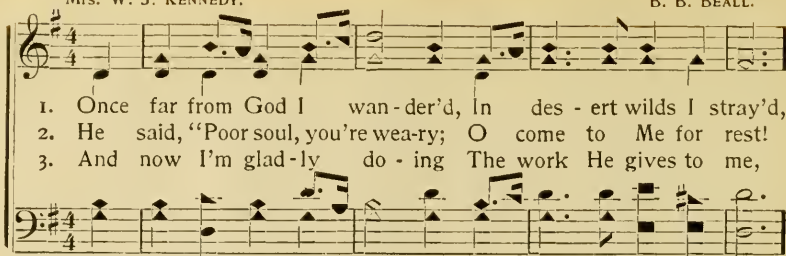


broke the fet - ters that en-slav'd me; } sin - ful heart and sav'd me.  
 touch'd my (Omit.) }

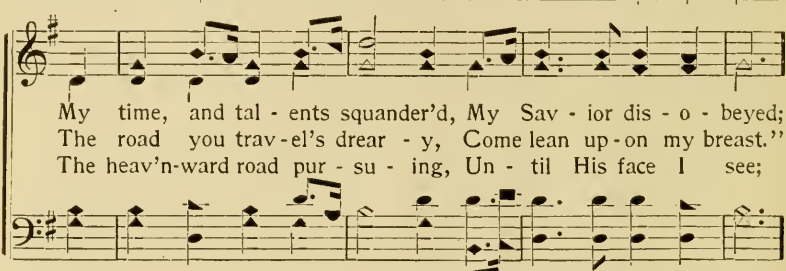
# No. 49. All Glory Unto Jesus.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

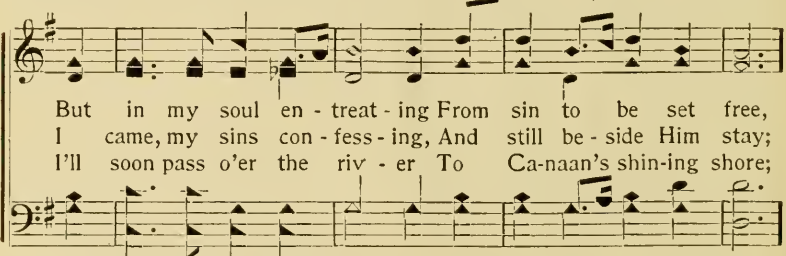
B. B. BEALL.



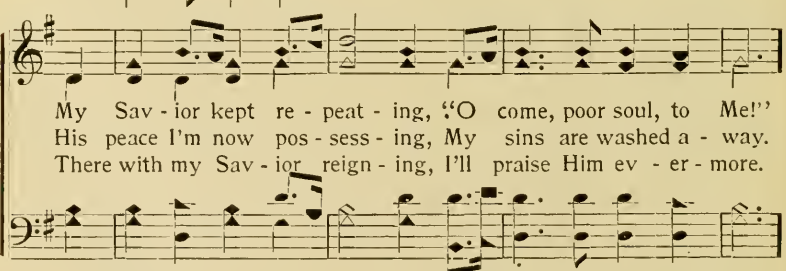
1. Once far from God I wan-der'd, In des-ert wilds I stray'd,  
2. He said, "Poor soul, you're wea-ry; O come to Me for rest!  
3. And now I'm glad-ly do-ing The work He gives to me,



My time, and tal-ents squander'd, My Sav-ior dis-o-beyed;  
The road you trav-el's drear-y, Come lean up-on my breast."  
The heav'n-ward road pur-su-ing, Un-til His face I see;

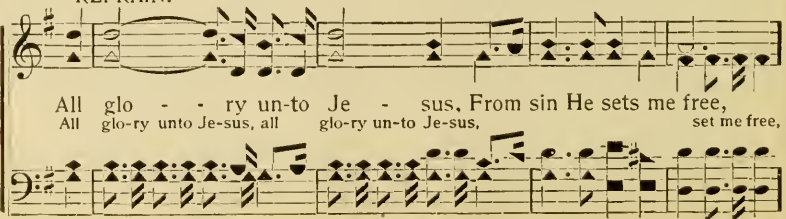


But in my soul en-treat-ing From sin to be set free,  
I came, my sins con-fess-ing, And still be-side Him stay;  
I'll soon pass o'er the riv-er To Ca-naan's shin-ing shore;



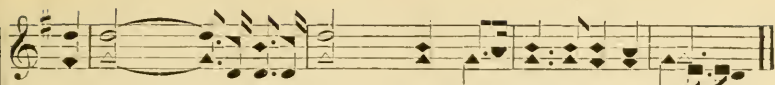
My Sav-ior kept re-peat-ing, "O come, poor soul, to Me!"  
His peace I'm now pos-sess-ing, My sins are washed a-way.  
There with my Sav-ior reign-ing, I'll praise Him ev-er-more.

## REFRAIN.

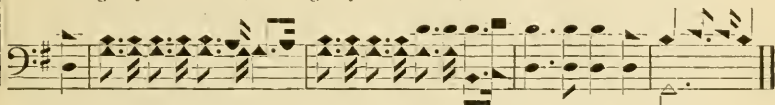


All glo-ry un-to Je-sus, From sin He sets me free,  
All glo-ry unto Je-sus, all glo-ry un-to Je-sus, set me free,

# All Glory Unto Jesus. Concluded.



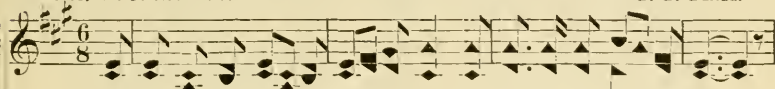
All glo - - ry un-to Je - sus, The Christ who died for me.  
All glo-ry unto Je-sus, all glo-ry un-to Jesus, died for me.



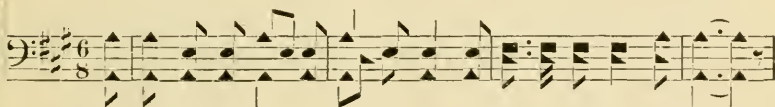
## No. 50. I'll Sing of My Savior's Love.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

B. B. BEALL.



1. I'll sing of my Savior's dy-ing love, Of what He has done for me,
2. I'll sing of my Savior's precious blood, He shed so freely for me,
3. I'll sing of my Savior's lov-ing care; He guides my feet lest I stray,
4. I'll sing of my Savior's blessed peace, The world cannot give nor take;



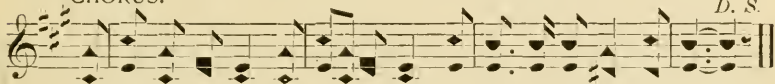
FINE.

Leaving His home of glo-ry a-bove, And suff'ring to set me free.  
Bringing me nigh a reconcil'd God, And making me glad and free.  
Giv-ing me help my burdens to bear, Or tak-ing them all a-way.  
Trusting in Him it never will cease, He'll nev-er leave nor for-sake.



D. S. - Joy-ful my song, but what shall it be When meeting Him face, to face?

CHORUS.



D. S.

I'll sing of my Savior's love to me, I'll sing of His wondrous grace;





# No. 51. The Trieth the Righteous.

MAUD SIMS.

B. B. BEALL.

1. He tri - eth the righteous, as Dan - iel of old, And midst all the  
 2. He tri - eth the righteous, in fur - nac - es hot, And bids us walk  
 3. He tri - eth the righteous with sickness and pain, He makes us to  
 4. O Judge of the righteous, help us to be strong, To love Thee and

tri - als He bids us be bold; He chas - ten - eth those whom He  
 thro' them, our faith fail - ing not; The flames will not hurt us, on  
 suf - fer a - gain and a - gain, But if in our suf - fer - ing we  
 serve Thee, yes, all the day long; And when trib - u - la - tions come

lov - eth, He says, And He's promised to love us thro'out all our days.  
 Him we re - ly, The dross He'll consume and the gold pur - i - fy.  
 cling to Him still, We can bear it with patience because 'tis His will.  
 'round us just say: He tri eth the righteous, I'm glad He tries me.

## REFRAIN.

He tri - eth the righteous, His word tells me so, He trieth the righteous,

it must be, 'tis so; He tri - eth the righteous, the sto - ry is old,



## The Trieth the Righteous. Concluded.

If Thou art try-ing me Father, I'll try to come out all pure gold.

## No. 52. My Shepherd Is the Lord.

MISS NOBIE T. BEALL.

B. B. BEALL.

1. My Shep-herd is the Lord, He ev - 'ry want doth fill;  
 2. Yea, tho' thro' death's dark vale I walk, I'll lean on Thee,  
 3. And Thy rich oil of grace My head Thou'st pour'd up-on;

He lead-eth me, He feed-eth me Be - side the wa - ters still;  
 Nor will I fear for Thou art near, Thy staff it com-forts me;  
 My bless-ing cup hast Thou filled up, Thy mercies to me shown;

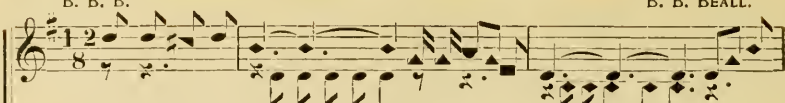
For His name's glo - ry He Guides me in right-eous ways,  
 When foes press 'round me soar, To starve my soul, O Lord!  
 Sure - ly shall Thy good-ness And mer - cy fail me never,

Re - stores my soul when it grows cold, Or in earth's shadow strays.  
 Thou dost pre-pare with lov-ing care The ta - ble of Thy word.  
 And I shall dwell where glad songs swell In my Lord's house forever.

# No. 53. Sinner, Look to Him and Live.

B. B. B.

B. B. BEALL.



1. Our Savior once left . . . . . His bright home above, . . . . . Sin-ner,
2. He spill'd His life-blood . . . . . by the side of a thief, . . . . . Sin-ner,
3. hey buried Him then, . . . . . but on the third day, . . . . . Sin-ner,
4. O now He's re - turn'd . . . to the Father a - bove! . . . . . Sin-ner,

1. Our Savior once left

His bright home above,



look . . . to Him and live; . . . . . He came to this world. . . . .

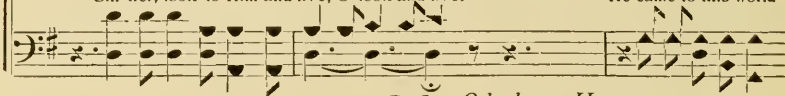
look . . . to Him and live; . . . . . He suffered it all . . . . .

look . . . to Him and live, . . . . . He 'rose from the grave . . . . .

look . . . to Him and live; . . . . . And there for your soul . . . . .

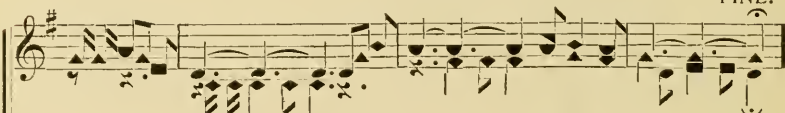
Sin-ner, look to Him and live; O look and live!

He came to this world



D. S.—O look ere He says, . . . . .

FINE.



His great love to prove, . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .

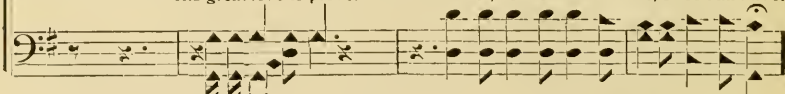
for the sinner's relief, . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .

and went on His way, . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .

He's pleading in love, . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .

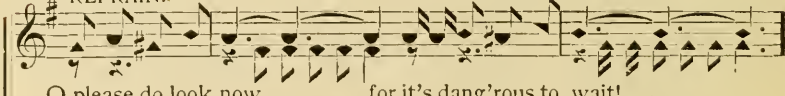
His great love to prove.

Sinner, look to Him and live, O look and live!



"It's too late, too late!" . . . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .

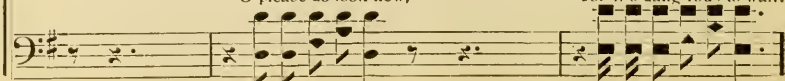
REFRAIN.



O please do look now, . . . . . for it's dang'rous to wait! . . . . .

O please do look now,

for it's dang'rous to wait!



# Sinner, Look to Him and Live. Concluded.

*D. S.*

Sin - ner, look . . . . . to Him and live; . . . . .

Sin - ner, look to Him and live, O look and live!

## No. 54.

## Call Upon Me.

J. B. BEALL,

Jonah, 1:6.

B. B. BEALL.

1. The winds are driv - ing o'er the sea, Wild bil-lows sweep the deck,  
2. A - rise, oh, sleep-ing soul, a - rise, And call up - on thy God;  
3. Hap - ly His thought, in mer-cy, may Bend on our hap-less lot;

While lurk - ing rocks, out o'er the lee, Loom high our ship to wreck.  
How slumb'rest thou a - mid the storm Whose terrors spread a - broad?  
His word of grace the storm may stay, So that we per - ish not.

### REFRAIN.

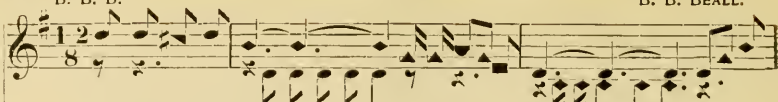
Call up - on me, call up - on me, I will de - liv - er thee;

In the day of trouble, in the day of trouble, Call up - on me.

# No. 53. Sinner, Look to Him and Live.



B. B. B.

B. B. BEALL.



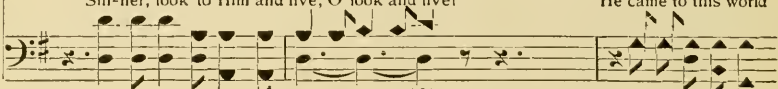
1. Our Savior once left . . . . . His bright home above, . . . . . Sin-ner,  
 2. He spill'd His life-blood . . . . . by the side of a thief, . . . . . Sin-ner,  
 3. hey buried Him then, . . . . . but on the third day, . . . . . Sin-ner,  
 4. O now He's re - turn'd . . . . . to the Father a - bove! . . . . . Sin-ner,

1. Our Savior once left His bright home above,

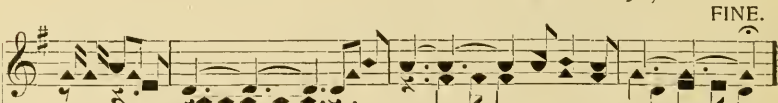



look . . . to Him and live; . . . . . He came to this world. . . . .  
 look . . . to Him and live; . . . . . He suffered it all . . . . .  
 look . . . to Him and live, . . . . . He 'rose from the grave . . . . .  
 look . . . to Him and live; . . . . . And there for your soul . . . . .

Sin-ner, look to Him and live; O look and live! He came to this world

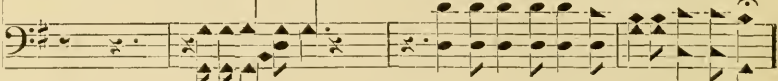


D. S.—O look ere He says, . . . . .



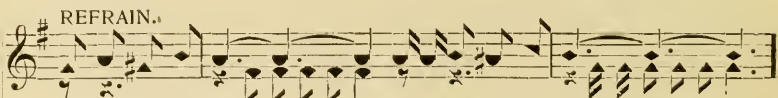
His great love to prove, . . . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .  
 for the sinner's relief, . . . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .  
 and went on His way, . . . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .  
 He's pleading in love, . . . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .

His great love to prove, Sinner, look to Him and live, O look and live!

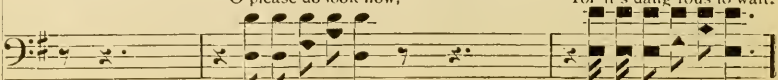


"It's too late, too late!" . . . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .

REFRAIN.



O please do look now, . . . . . for it's dang'rous to wait! . . . . .  
 O please do look now, for it's dang'rous to wait!



# Sinner, Look to Him and Live. Concluded.

*D. S.*

Sin - ner, look . . . . . to Him and live; . . . . .

Sin - ner, look to Him and live, O look and live!

## No. 54.

## Call Upon Me.

J. B. BEALL.

Jonah, 1:6.

B. B. BEALL.

1. The winds are driv - ing o'er the sea, Wild bil-lows sweep the deck,  
2. A - rise, oh, sleep-ing soul, a - rise, And call up - on thy God;  
3. Hap - ly His thought, in mer-cy, may Bend on our hap-less lot;

While lurk - ing rocks, out o'er the lee, Loom high our ship to wreck.  
How slumb'rest thou a - mid the storm Whose terrors spread a - broad?  
His word of grace the storm may stay, So that we per - ish not.

### REFRAIN.

Call up - on me, call up - on me, I will de - liv - er thee;

In the day of trouble, in the day of trouble, Call up - on me.




# No. 55. When Life's Sad Toils are O'er.

T. J. WILSON. Ref. R. D.


RAYMOND DOSTER.



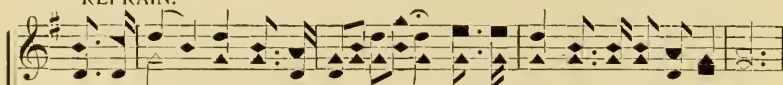
1. When life's sad toils are o'er, Its sor-rows and its pains,  
 2. While here we have our share Of sor-row, pain and grief,  
 3. Our sor-rows and our trials, While here tho' they an-noy,  
 4. Then calm-ly bear it all, Tho' you may be op-pressed;


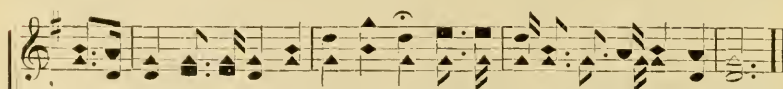
There is a place we hope to live, A home where Je-sus reigns.  
 Up in that home be-yond the grave The soul will find re-lief.  
 Work out for us, when life is o'er, A sweet, un-end-ing joy.  
 For just be-yond this vale of tears, There is e-ter-nal rest.




## REFRAIN.



When life's end-ed and our tri-als are o'er, May we meet on the heavenly shore,

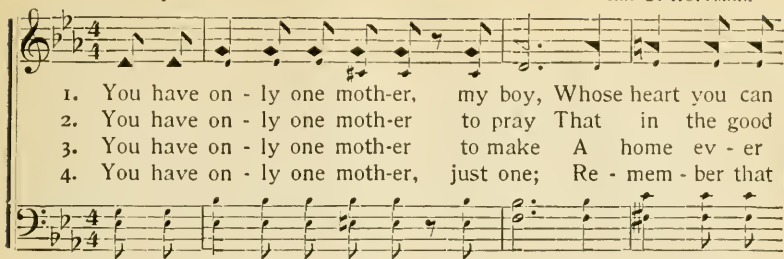



There where we will never suffer more, But be happy and His name adore.

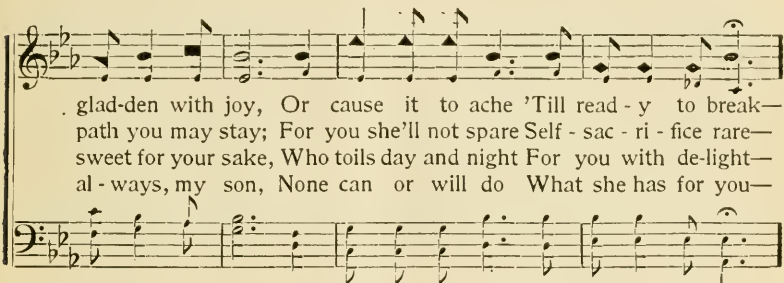


SOLO. *Expressivo.*

IRA O. HOFFMAN.

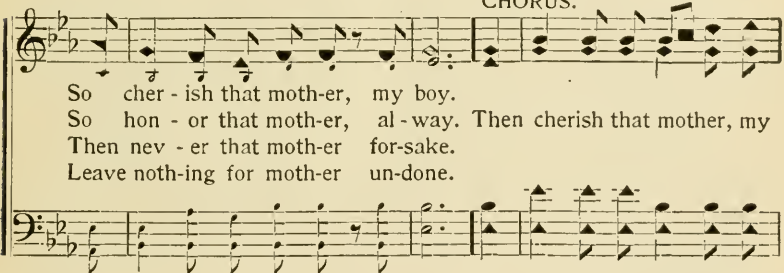


1. You have on - ly one moth-er, my boy, Whose heart you can  
 2. You have on - ly one moth-er to pray That in the good  
 3. You have on - ly one moth-er to make A home ev - er  
 4. You have on - ly one moth-er, just one; Re - mem - ber that

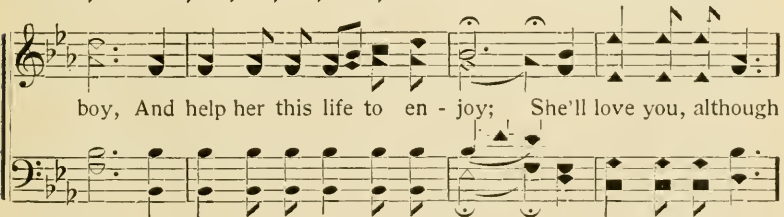


glad-den with joy, Or cause it to ache 'Till read - y to break—  
 path you may stay; For you she'll not spare Self - sac - ri - fice rare—  
 sweet for your sake, Who toils day and night For you with de-light—  
 al - ways, my son, None can or will do What she has for you—

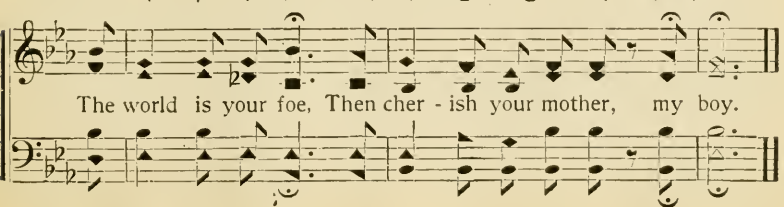
CHORUS.



So cher - ish that moth-er, my boy.  
 So hon - or that moth-er, al-way. Then cherish that mother, my  
 Then nev - er that moth-er for-sake.  
 Leave noth-ing for moth-er un-done.



boy, And help her this life to en - joy; She'll love you, although



The world is your foe, Then cher - ish your mother, my boy.

## No. 57.

## Oh, How Wonderful!

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! Je-sus went to Cal - va -  
 2. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He should leave His home a -  
 3. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! O'er my heart His blood should  
 4. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He to me should be so

ry, and suffered there for me! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how  
 bove, impelled by pur-est love! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how  
 flow to wash me white as snow! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how  
 near to com-fort and to cheer! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how

*rit.*  
 wonderful! On the bit - ter cross He died my ransom-price to be.  
 wonderful! He to me His ten-der love so constantly should prove!  
 wonderful! Such a sweet and full sal-va-tion dai - ly I should know!  
 wonderful! He is all my joy and song and ev - er grows more dear.

## CHORUS.

Oh, it is wonderful! strange and so wonderful! Wonderful that He should die,

Me to save and sanc-ti-fy! Yes, it is won-der-ful, so ver - y

# Oh, How Wonderful!—Concluded.

*rit.*

won-der-ful, I will be an heir of heav'n with Jesus by and by!

## No. 58. The King of My Soul.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. With joy to the glo - ry of God I con-fess That I am made  
2. My King shall rule o - ver me bod - y and soul, Con-trol-ing af -  
3. It is not for joy that I praise Him to-day, Nor yet for my  
4. O this is a won-drous sal - va-tion He brings, A won-drous sal -

D. C.—And all my soul-pow-ers, re-deem'd and renew'd, I yield to His

FINE.

per - fect - ly whole; He en - tered this tem - ple and cleansed it from  
fec - tion and will; I bring not a part, but I yield Him the  
sweet sense of peace, But that He has cleansed and a - nointed my  
va - tion and free! I nev - er had dream'd that such fulness of

*con-stant con - trol.*

CHORUS.

sin. And now He's the King of my soul.  
whole, And He doth my glad spir-it fill. Un - to my new King  
heart, And sealed me e - ter - nal-ly His.  
love Could ev - er be portioned to me.

D. C.

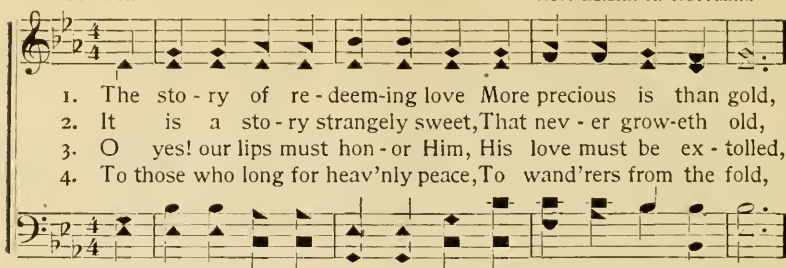
glad prais - es I bring, Whose love has so conquered my soul,



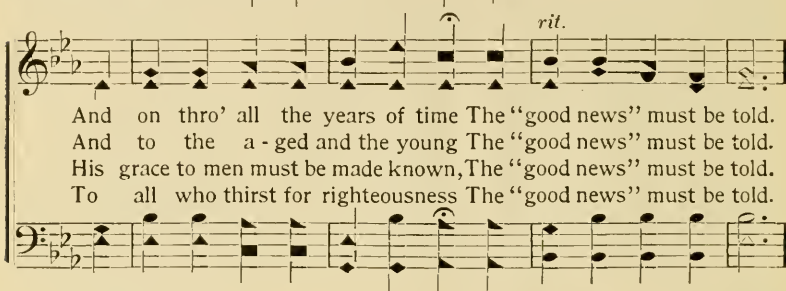
# No. 59. The "Good News" Must be Told.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

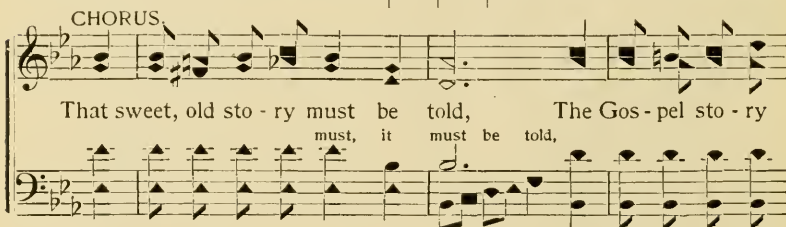


1. The sto - ry of re - deem-ing love More precious is than gold,  
 2. It is a sto - ry strangely sweet, That nev - er grow-eth old,  
 3. O yes! our lips must hon - or Him, His love must be ex - tolled,  
 4. To those who long for heav'nly peace, To wand'ers from the fold,

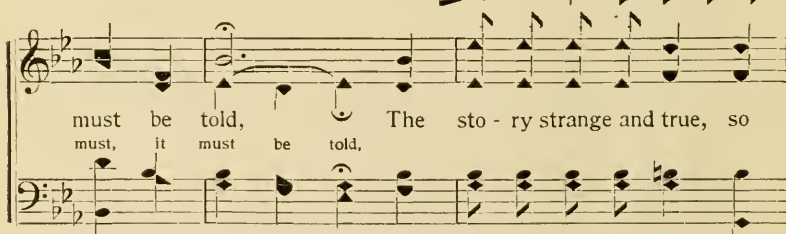


And on thro' all the years of time The "good news" must be told.  
 And to the a - ged and the young The "good news" must be told.  
 His grace to men must be made known, The "good news" must be told.  
 To all who thirst for righteousness The "good news" must be told.

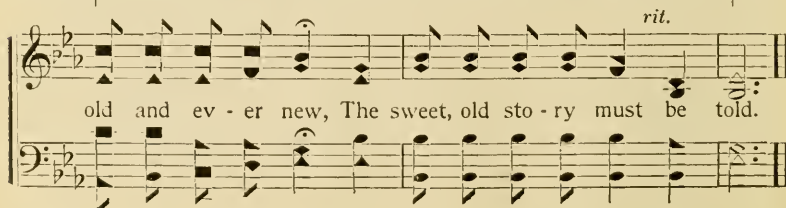
CHORUS



That sweet, old sto - ry must be told, The Gos - pel sto - ry  
 must, it must be told,



must be told, The sto - ry strange and true, so  
 must, it must be told,



old and ev - er new, The sweet, old sto - ry must be told.



(Respectfully inscribed to my dear cousin, Miss Lucy Beall, Birmingham, Ala.—E. B. B.)

Miss NOBIE T. BEALL.

B. B. BEALL.



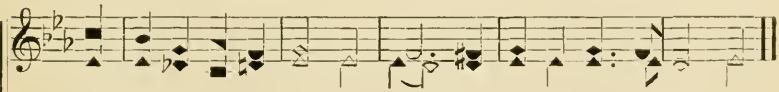
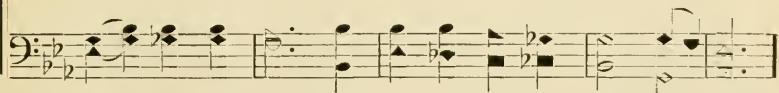
1. He know-eth best! And so I lay me down to rest,
2. The chast'ning rod, Which keeps us in the path He trod,
3. Strong are His arms! Tho' rag - ing 'round me beat life's storms,



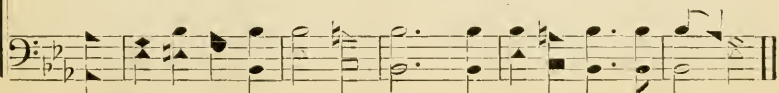
E'en while beyond hope's shading west, Go out bright dreams for-ev-er;  
Is in the righteous hand of God; Needful is the af-lic - tion;  
His "Peace, be still," soothes all a - larms, Husheth all vain re-pin - ing;



Dark seems the way, And hu-man doubts, like mist-clouds gray,  
A voice to me Speaks tender words of sym - pa - thy;  
He know - eth best! And so my cares up - on His breast



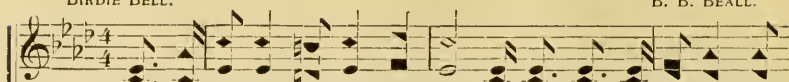
Blur earth's sweet joys, yet one sure stay, One Trust-star fails me nev-er.  
"I know thy woe, I bore for thee The aw - ful cru - ci - fix - ion."  
I lay, and peace-ful-ly I rest When slumber stars are shining.





# No. 61. Are You Ready to Start for Home?

BIRDIE BELL.


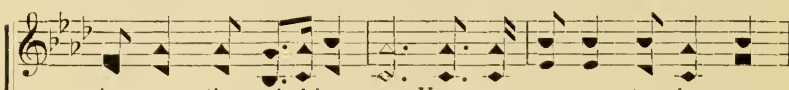
B. B. BEALL.



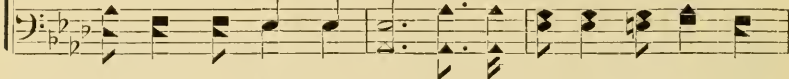

1. Are you read-y to start for home, brother? You have wandered for  
 2. Are you read-y to start for home, brother? You are foot-sore and  
 3. Are you read-y to start for home, brother? And be heir to a

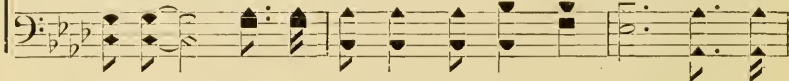

ma-n-y a day; In the by-paths of sin to roam, brother, You have  
 sick and sad; There's a pardon if you will come, brother, An em-  
 throne on high? From the home-stead why longer roam, brother, There's a


chos-en the wind-ing way; You are wea-ry to-day, so  
 brace which will make you glad; All your gar-ments are soil'd and  
 crown in the by and by; You have stray'd in the wilds so

wea-ry, Will you start for the Fa-ther's home? Turn your  
 tat-tered, There's a robe that is fair and pure; Tho' the  
 dear-y, You have slighted the call of love; Will you

feet from the path-way dear-y, He is waiting for you to come.  
 hopes of this world are shattered, There's a hope which will still en-dure.  
 come to the welcome cheer-y, Will you turn to the home a-bove?



# Are You Ready to Start for Home? Concluded.

## REFRAIN.

Are you ready to start for home, brother? Will you turn from the ways of sin?

You have wandered away, no longer stray; O enter the door, come in!

## No. 62. Are You Waiting?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.

1. God is call-ing, gen-tly call-ing, Call-ing thee to-day;  
2. Christ is knock-ing, ev-er knock-ing At thy wea-ry heart;  
3. God the Spir-it, Ho-ly Spir-it, Comes in love to all;  
4. Wea-ry sin-ner, wea-ry sin-ner, Do no lon-ger wait,

In con-tri-tion and sub-mis-sion Now be-gin to pray.  
In a true and deep re-pent-ance From thy sin de-part.  
Come with pleading, in-ter-ced-ing, And for mer-cy call.  
Lest to-mor-row be thy sor-row: "It is now too late."

D. S.—Life is go-ing, death is near-ing; Sin-ner, why de-lay?

## CHORUS.

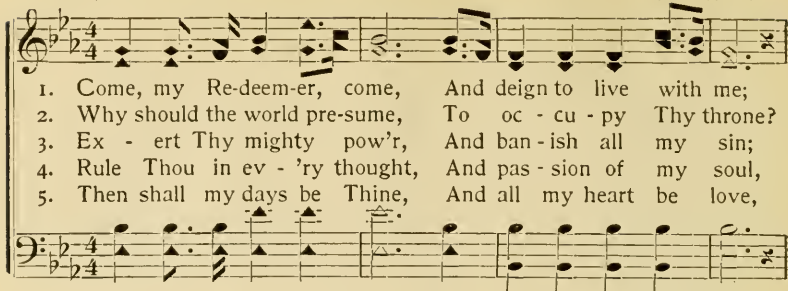
D. S.

Are you wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing For a more con-ven-ient day?

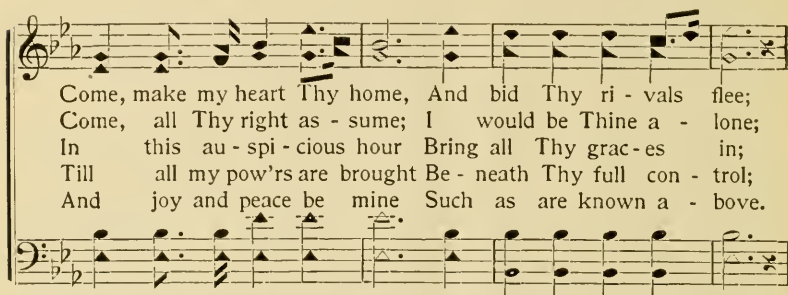
# No. 63. Whiter Than the Snow.

Rev. ANDREW REED.

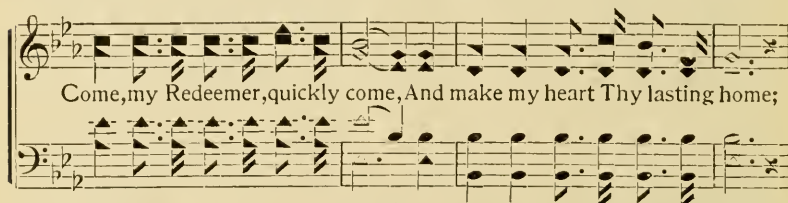
Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.



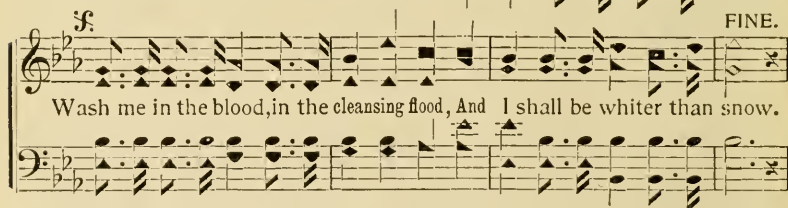
1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And deign to live with me;  
 2. Why should the world pre-sume, To oc-cu-py Thy throne?  
 3. Ex-ert Thy mighty pow'r, And ban-ish all my sin;  
 4. Rule Thou in ev-'ry thought, And pas-sion of my soul,  
 5. Then shall my days be Thine, And all my heart be love,



Come, make my heart Thy home, And bid Thy ri-vals flee;  
 Come, all Thy right as-sume; I would be Thine a-lone;  
 In this au-spi-cious hour Bring all Thy grac-es in;  
 Till all my pow'rs are brought Be-neath Thy full con-trol;  
 And joy and peace be mine Such as are known a-bove.

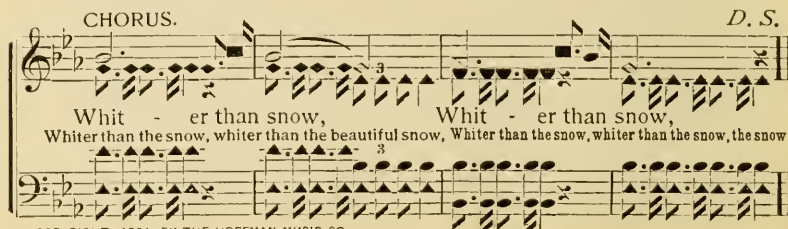


Come, my Redeemer, quickly come, And make my heart Thy lasting home;



Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.

*D.S. Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.*



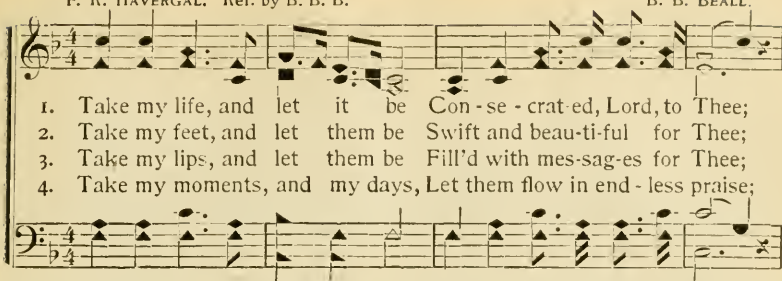
CHORUS. *D. S.*  
 Whit-er than snow, Whit-er than snow,  
 Whiter than the snow, whiter than the beautiful snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, the snow;  
 3



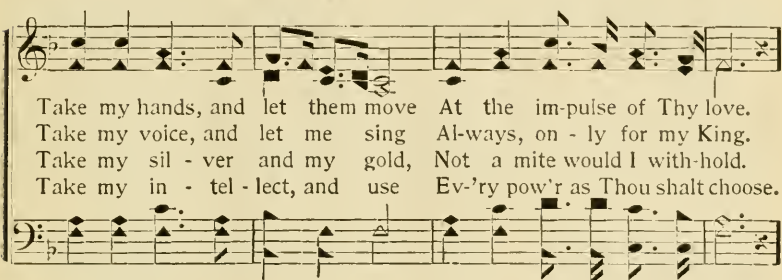
# No. 64. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL. Ref. by B. B. B.

B. B. BEALL.

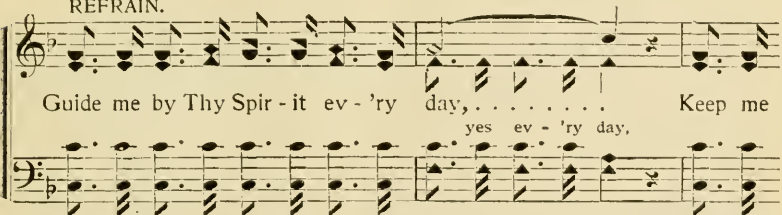


1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se - crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;  
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;  
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sag-es for Thee;  
 4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;

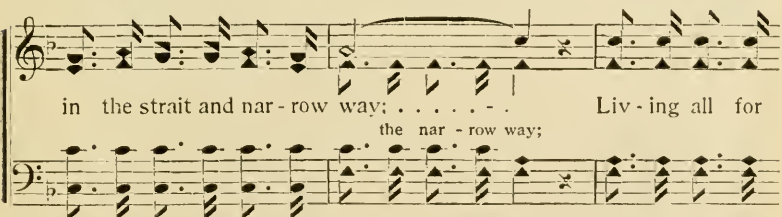


Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly for my King.  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

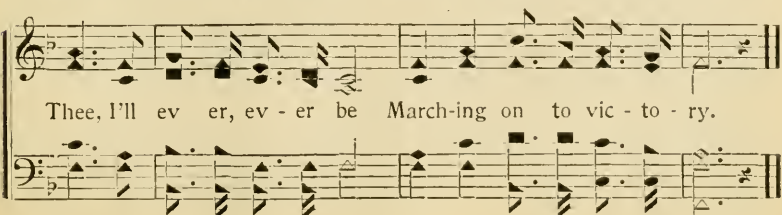
## REFRAIN.



Guide me by Thy Spir - it ev - 'ry day, . . . . . Keep me  
 yes ev - 'ry day,



in the strait and nar - row way; . . . . . Liv - ing all for  
 the nar - row way;



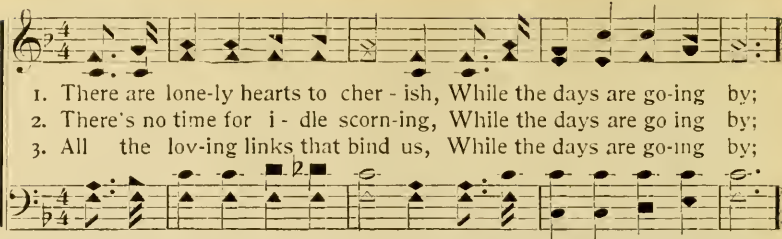
Thee, I'll ev - er, ev - er be March-ing on to vic - to - ry.



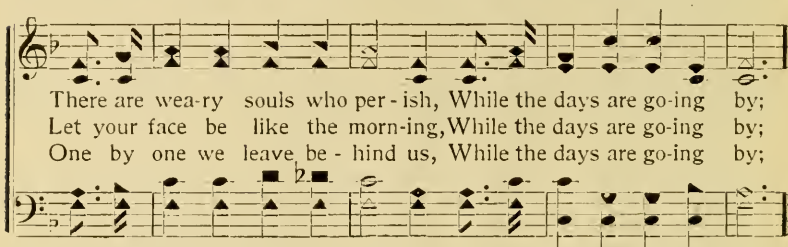
# No. 65. While the Days are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER

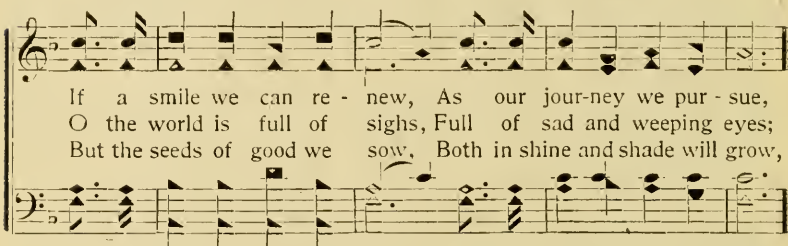
B. B. BEALL.



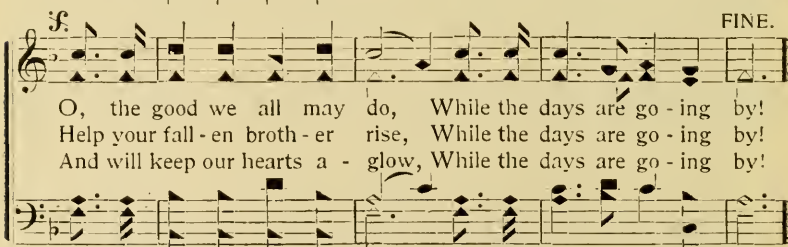
1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by;  
 2. There's no time for i-dle scorn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;  
 3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;



There are wea-ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go-ing by;  
 Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;  
 One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;



If a smile we can re-new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue,  
 O the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes;  
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shine and shade will grow,

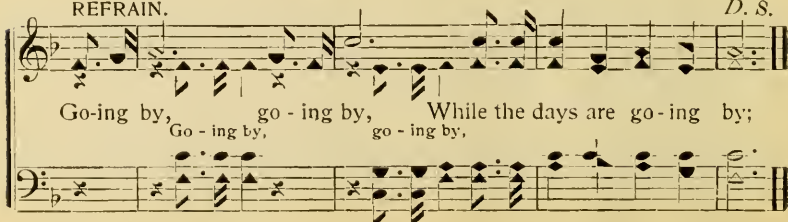


*FINE.*  
 O, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by!  
 Help your fall-en broth-er rise, While the days are go-ing by!  
 And will keep our hearts a-glow, While the days are go-ing by!

*D. S.*—O, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by!

REFRAIN.

*D. S.*




Go-ing by, go-ing by, While the days are go-ing by;  
 Go-ing by, go-ing by, go-ing by,

## No. 66.

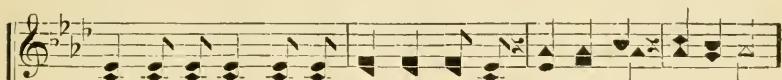
## Only One Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.




1. In all the world there is but one Je-sus, Only one, on-ly one,  
 2. There is but one who each heart-ache knoweth, Only one, on-ly one,  
 3. One friend a-lone all our tri - als shareth, Only one, on-ly one,  
 4. There is but one who can keep us ho - ly, Only one, on-ly one,  
 5. There is but one who will ne'er forsake us, Only one, on-ly one,  
 6. There is but one when we pray will hear us, Only one, on-ly one,  
 7. There is but one who at death will meet us, Only one, on-ly one,




Kind - ling with love when in sin He sees us, On-ly one, on-ly one.  
 And to the weak such compassion showeth, On-ly one, on-ly one.  
 Light - ens our cares and our burdens beareth, On-ly one, on-ly one.  
 Hum - ble and trustful, and meek and low-ly, On-ly one, on-ly one.  
 Faith - ful what-ev - er may o - ver-take us, On-ly one, on-ly one.  
 And with His warm, tender love will cheer us, On-ly one, on-ly one.  
 And to the mansions of glo - ry greet us, On-ly one, on-ly one.

## CHORUS.



Only the Lord knoweth all our weakness, How hard the toil till the goal is won;

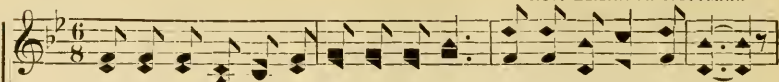


In all the world there is but one Je - sus, On-ly one, on-ly one.

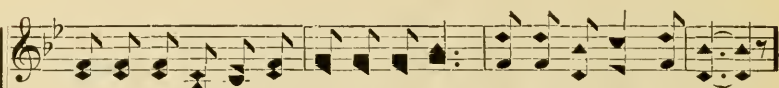
# No. 67. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H.

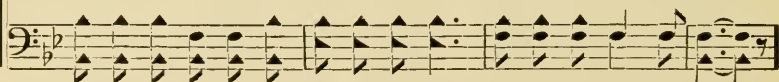
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



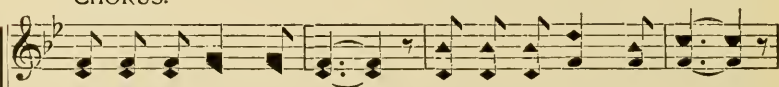
1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



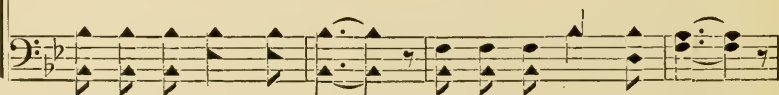
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?  
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Does He each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



## CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,



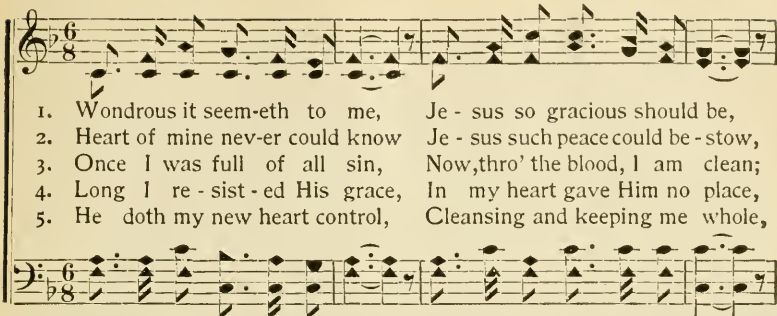
Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?  
 of God.



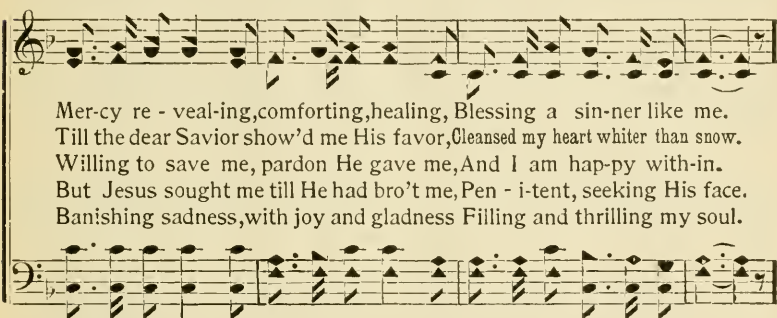
# No. 68. Is it not Wonderful?

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

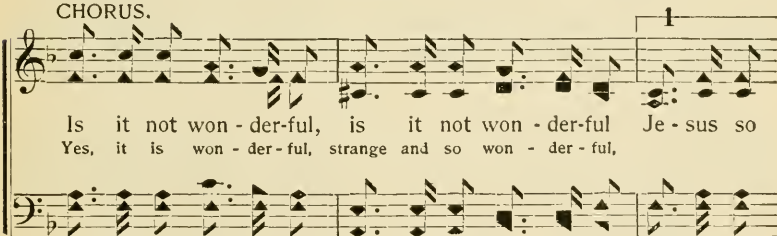


1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,  
 2. Heart of mine nev-er could know Je - sus such peace could be - stow,  
 3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;  
 4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,  
 5. He doth my new heart control, Cleansing and keeping me whole,

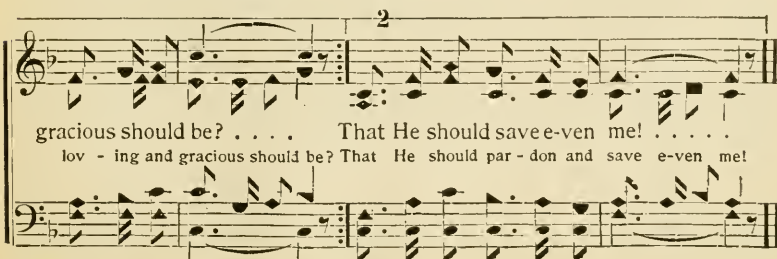


Mer-cy re - veal-ing, comforting, healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.  
 Till the dear Savior show'd me His favor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.  
 Willing to save me, pardon He gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.  
 But Jesus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen - i-tent, seeking His face.  
 Banishing sadness, with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.

## CHORUS.



Is it not won - der-ful, is it not won - der-ful Je - sus so  
 Yes, it is won - der-ful, strange and so won - der-ful,



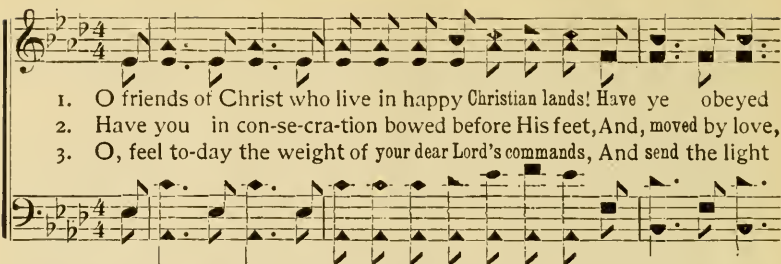
gracious should be? . . . . That He should save e-ven me! . . . .  
 lov - ing and gracious should be? That He should par - don and save e-ven me!



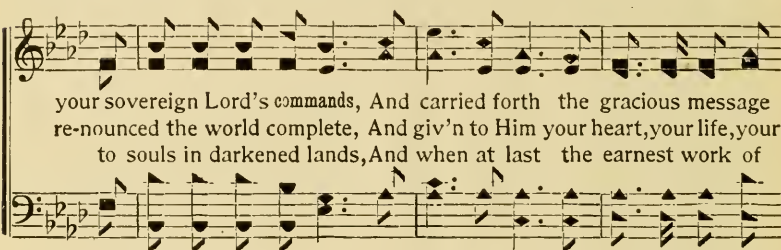
# No. 69. The Master's Call.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

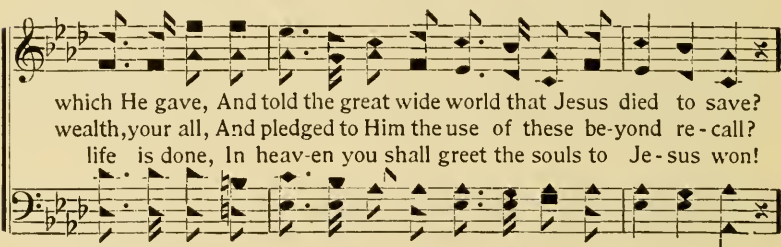
Mrs. AMANDA S. BARLOW.



1. O friends of Christ who live in happy Christian lands! Have ye obeyed
2. Have you in con-se-cra-tion bowed before His feet, And, moved by love,
3. O, feel to-day the weight of your dear Lord's commands, And send the light

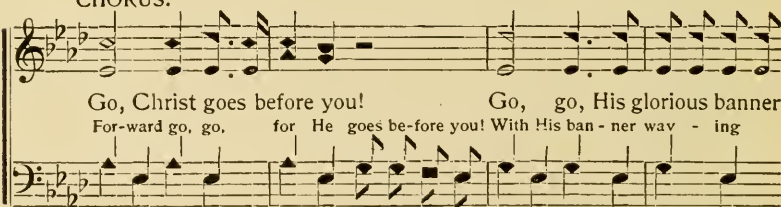


your sovereign Lord's commands, And carried forth the gracious message  
re-nounced the world complete, And giv'n to Him your heart, your life, your  
to souls in darkened lands, And when at last the earnest work of

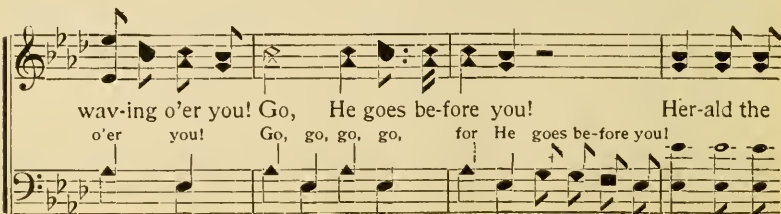


which He gave, And told the great wide world that Jesus died to save?  
wealth, your all, And pledged to Him the use of these be-yond re-call?  
life is done, In heav-en you shall greet the souls to Je-sus won!

## CHORUS.



Go, Christ goes before you! Go, go, His glorious banner  
For-ward go, go, for He goes be-fore you! With His ban-ner wav-ing



wav-ing o'er you! Go, He goes be-fore you! Her-ald the  
o'er you! Go, go, go, go, for He goes be-fore you!



## The Master's Call.—Concluded.

message of redemption sweet! Peace and pardon publish in the Savior's name,

Free sal - va - tion to a wait-ing world proclaim, And the gra-cious

news re - peat Till the mill-ions bow, a - dor-ing, at His feet.

No. 70.

Dennis.

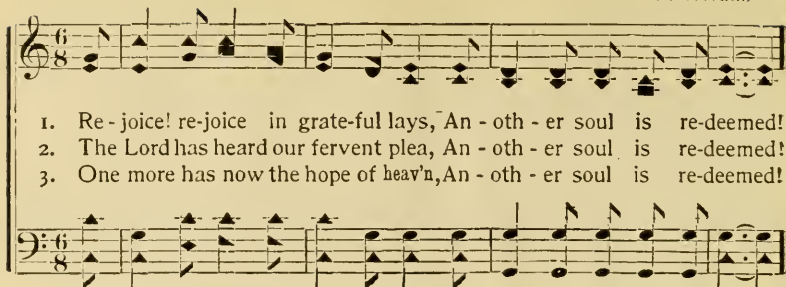
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;  
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,  
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a-bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.  
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

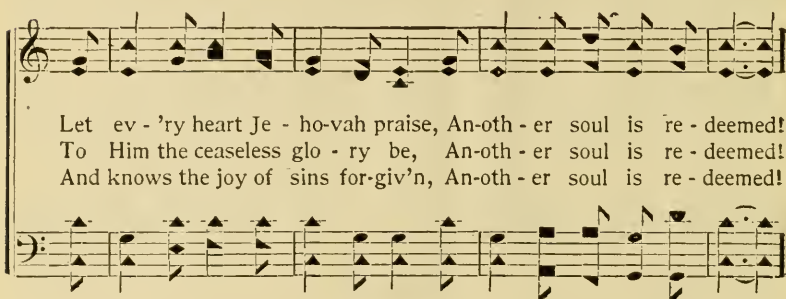
# No. 71. Another Soul Redeemed.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

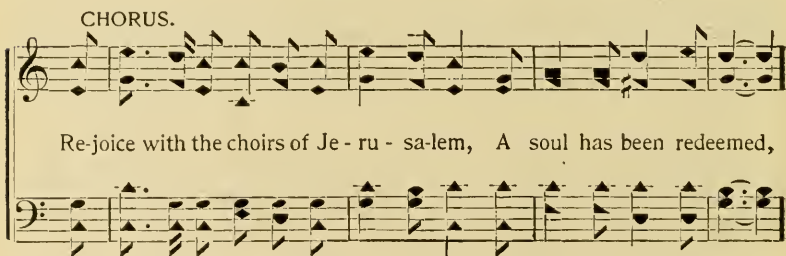


1. Re-joice! re-joice in grate-ful lays, An-oth-er soul is re-deemed!  
2. The Lord has heard our fervent plea, An-oth-er soul is re-deemed!  
3. One more has now the hope of heav'n, An-oth-er soul is re-deemed!

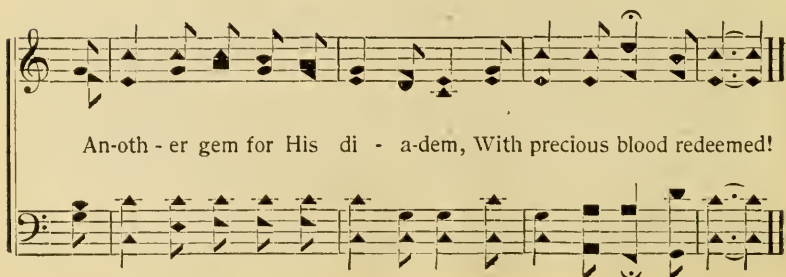


Let ev-'ry heart Je-ho-vah praise, An-oth-er soul is re-deemed!  
To Him the ceaseless glo-ry be, An-oth-er soul is re-deemed!  
And knows the joy of sins for-giv'n, An-oth-er soul is re-deemed!

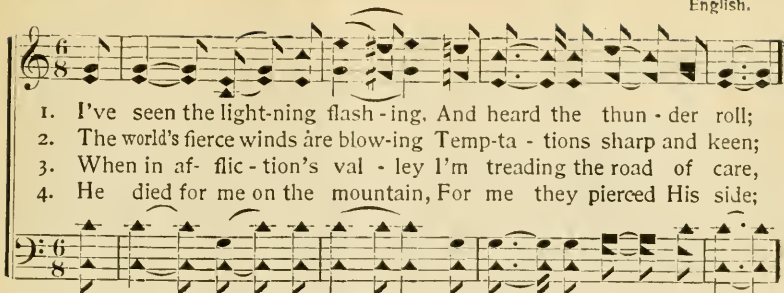
CHORUS.



Re-joice with the choirs of Je-ru-sa-lem, A soul has been redeemed,

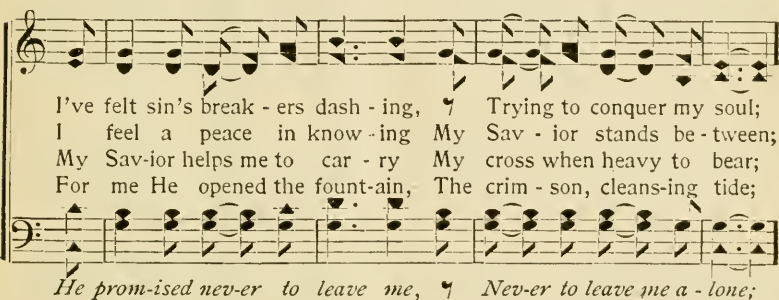


An-oth-er gem for His di-a-dem, With precious blood redeemed!

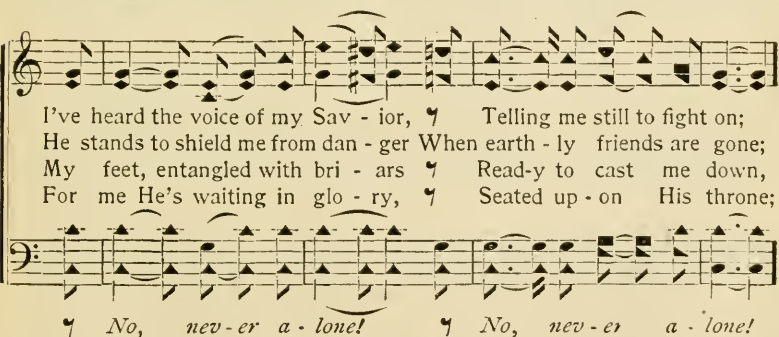


1. I've seen the light-nin-g flash-ing, And heard the thun-der roll;  
 2. The world's fierce winds are blow-ing Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen;  
 3. When in af-flic-tion's val-ley I'm treading the road of care,  
 4. He died for me on the mountain, For me they pierced His side;

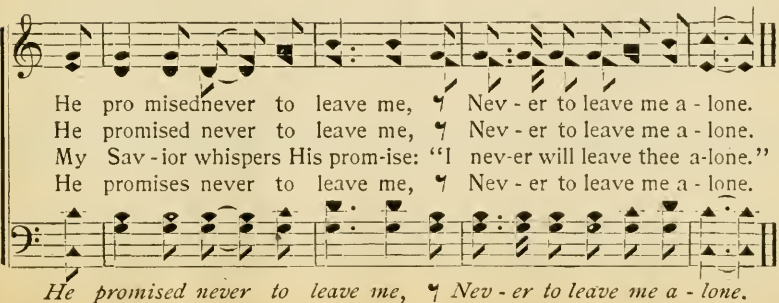
CHO.— ♪ No, nev-er a-lone! ♪ No, nev-er a-lone!



I've felt sin's break-ers dash-ing, ♪ Trying to conquer my soul;  
 I feel a peace in know-ing My Sav-ior stands be-tween;  
 My Sav-ior helps me to car-ry My cross when heavy to bear;  
 For me He opened the fount-ain, The crim-son, cleans-ing tide;  
 He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, ♪ Nev-er to leave me a-lone;



I've heard the voice of my Sav-ior, ♪ Telling me still to fight on;  
 He stands to shield me from dan-ger When earth-ly friends are gone;  
 My feet, entangled with bri-ars ♪ Read-y to cast me down,  
 For me He's wait-ing in glo-ry, ♪ Seated up-on His throne;  
 ♪ No, nev-er a-lone! ♪ No, nev-er a-lone!



He pro-mised nev-er to leave me, ♪ Nev-er to leave me a-lone.  
 He promised never to leave me, ♪ Nev-er to leave me a-lone.  
 My Sav-ior whispers His prom-ise: "I nev-er will leave thee a-lone."  
 He promises never to leave me, ♪ Nev-er to leave me a-lone.  
 He promised never to leave me, ♪ Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

1. A beau-ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from  
 2. That beau-ti - ful land, the home of light, It ne'er has known the  
 3. In vis - ions I see its streets of gold, Its pearl - ly gates I

sor - row free, The home of the ran - som'd bright and fair, And  
 shades of night; The glo - ry of God, the light of day, Hath  
 too be - hold, The riv - er of life, the crys - tal sea, Th'am-

## REFRAIN.

beau-ti - ful an - gels, too, are there.  
 driv - en the dark-ness far a - way. Will you go? Will you go?  
 bro - si - al fruits of life's fair tree.

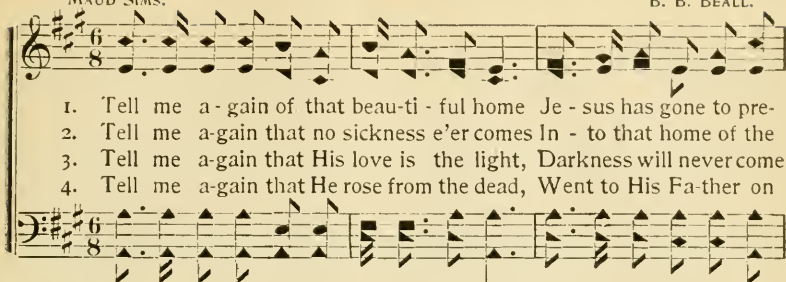
Go to that beau - ti - ful home with me? Will you go?

Will you go? Go to that beau - ti - ful home with me?

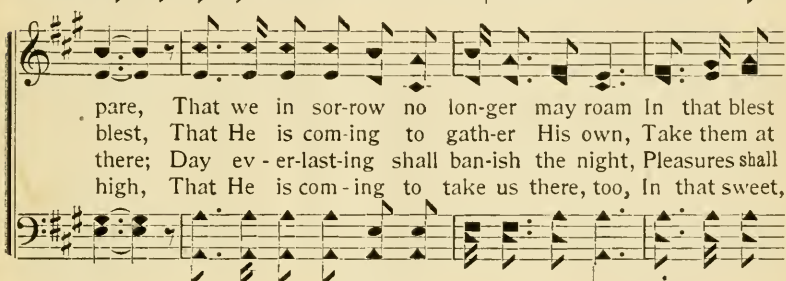


MAUD SIMS.

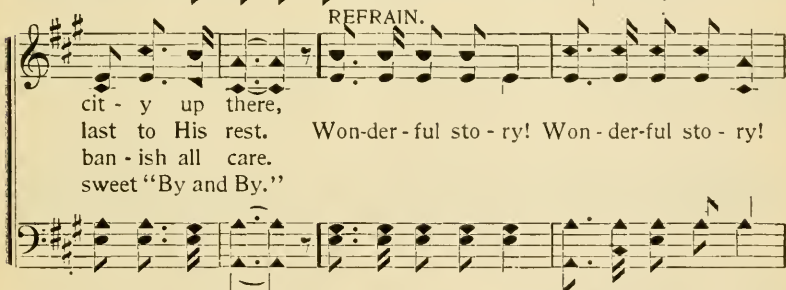
B. B. BEALL.



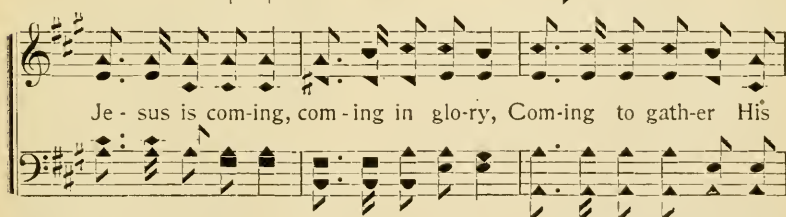
1. Tell me a - gain of that beau - ti - ful home Je - sus has gone to pre -  
 2. Tell me a - gain that no sickness e'er comes In - to that home of the  
 3. Tell me a - gain that His love is the light, Darkness will never come  
 4. Tell me a - gain that He rose from the dead, Went to His Fa - ther on



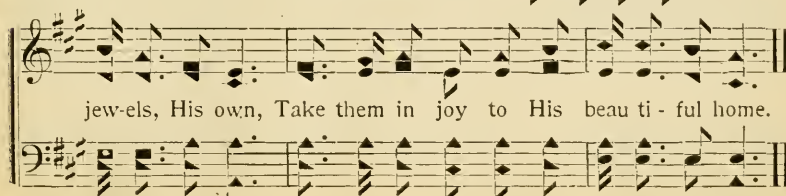
pare, That we in sor - row no lon - ger may roam In that blest  
 blest, That He is com - ing to gath - er His own, Take them at  
 there; Day ev - er - last - ing shall ban - ish the night, Pleasures shall  
 high, That He is com - ing to take us there, too, In that sweet,



REFRAIN.  
 cit - y up there,  
 last to His rest. Won - der - ful sto - ry! Won - der - ful sto - ry!  
 ban - ish all care.  
 sweet "By and By."



Je - sus is com - ing, com - ing in glo - ry, Com - ing to gath - er His



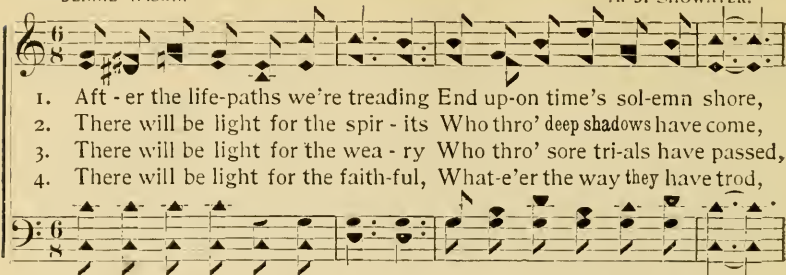
jew - els, His own, Take them in joy to His beau ti - ful home.



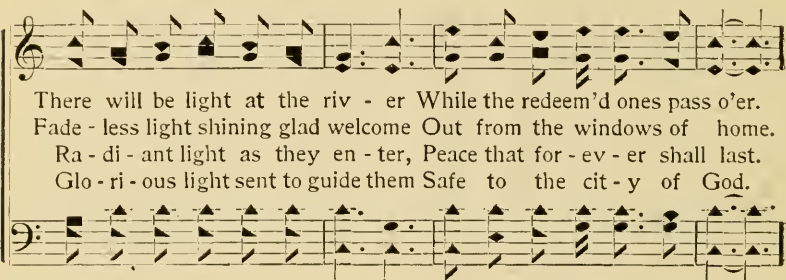
# No. 75. There Will be Light at the River.

JENNIE WISON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

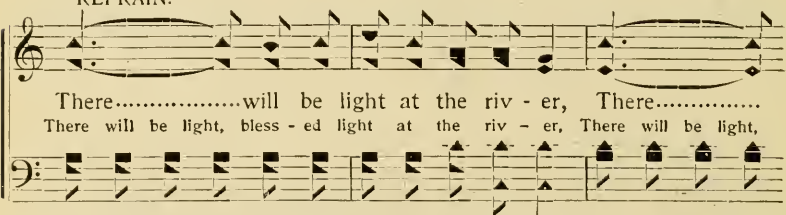


1. Aft - er the life-paths we're treading End up-on time's sol-ern shore,  
 2. There will be light for the spir - its Who thro' deep shadows have come,  
 3. There will be light for the wea - ry Who thro' sore tri-als have passed,  
 4. There will be light for the faith-ful, What-e'er the way they have trod,



There will be light at the riv - er While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.  
 Fade - less light shining glad welcome Out from the windows of home.  
 Ra - di - ant light as they en - ter, Peace that for - ev - er shall last.  
 Glo - ri - ous light sent to guide them Safe to the cit - y of God.

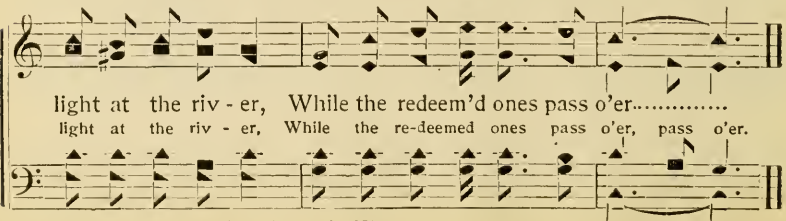
## REFRAIN.



There.....will be light at the riv - er, There.....  
 There will be light, bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light,



will be light at the riv - er, There..... will be  
 bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light, bless - ed



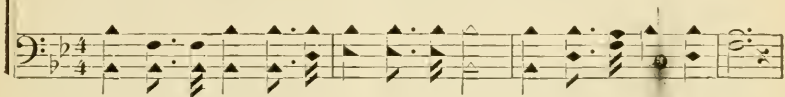
light at the riv - er, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.....  
 light at the riv - er, While the re-deemed ones pass o'er, pass o'er.

# No. 76. Gather Them Into the Fold.

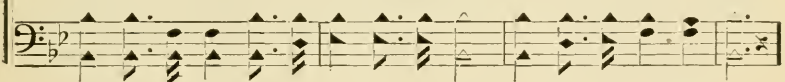
W. T. LEVENS.



1. In from the highways and by-ways of sin, In from the storm and cold,
2. Bring them to Je-sus from pal-ace and cot, Waifs from the lane and street;
3. Gath - er them in, jewels bright for His crown, Gather them in to - day;



Gath-er the lambs that are go - ing a-stray, In - to the Shepherd's fold.  
He will receive them as He did of old, Guiding their wayward feet.  
Gath-er the rich and the poor just the same, Show them the narrow way.



## REFRAIN.



Gath-er them in from the by-ways of sin, In from the storm and cold;

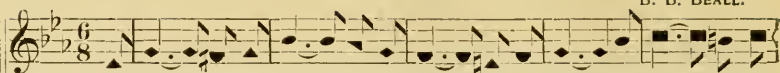


Gath-er the lambs that are go-ing a-stray, In - to the Shepherd's fold.

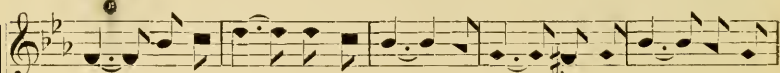
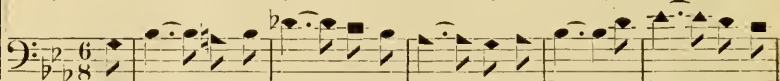


# No. 77. The Lord is My Shepherd.

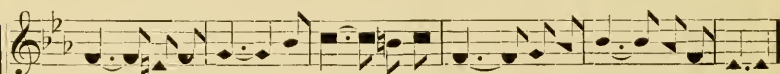
B. B. BEALL.



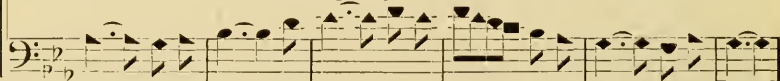
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, a - way then with care, No want shall I
2. He nev - er for-sakes me, tho' oft - en I stray, But gen - tly re -
3. I know I must pass thro' the val - ley of death, But He will go



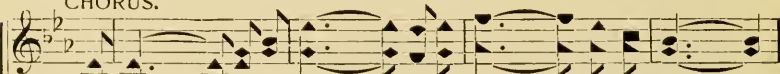
know while His mer - cy I share; From pas - tures of plen - ty I'll  
claims me when tempted a - way; Thro' darkness and dan - ger He  
with me, "Fear noth - ing," He saith; Thy rod and Thy staff, precious



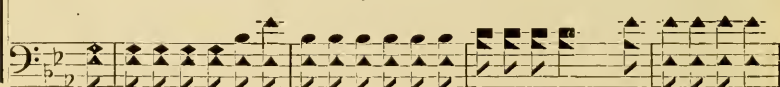
gath - er my bread, And by the still wa - ters my feet shall be led.  
guides me a - long, And tho' I am fee - ble, my Shepherd is strong.  
Sav - ior shall be, Strong help and swift comfort for-ev-er for me.



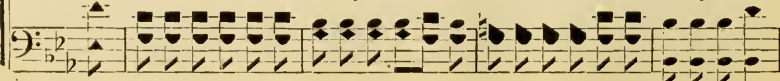
## CHORUS.



The Lord is my Shep - herd, a - way then with care;  
The Lord is my Shepherd, the Lord is my Shepherd, away then with care, away then with care;



No want shall I know while His mer - cy I share,  
No want shall I know while His mercy I share, No want shall I know while His mercy I share,



# The Lord is My Shepherd. Concluded.

No want shall I know, while His mer - cy I share.  
 No want shall I know, No want shall I know while His mercy, His mercy I share.

No. 78.

Tell the News.

T. J. W.

T. J. WILSON.

1. O tell ye there's life and sal - va - tion for all, Tell the  
 2. Bear the ti - dings of joy till the whole world shall know, Tell the  
 3. Tell the mes - sage to all of the blood-crimson'd wave, Tell the

news, . . . O tell the news! Till all na-tions have  
 news, . . . O tell the news! Tell that Je - sus has  
 news, . . . O tell the news! Tell that Je - sus is  
 Tell the news, O tell the news!

D. S. — That there's life and sal-  
 FINE.

heard of the sweet gos-pel call, Tell the news, . . . O tell the news!  
 died to re-deem it from woe, Tell the news, . . . O tell the news!  
 a - ble and will-ing to save, Tell the news, . . . O tell the news!  
 Tell the news, O tell the news!

va - tion in Christ now for all, Tell the news, . . . O tell the news!

CHORUS.

D. S.

Tell to all, yes, tell to all. Till the world shall hear the call.  
 Tell to all, yes, tell to all, Till the world shall hear the call.

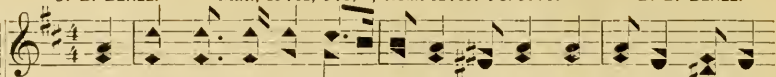


# No. 79. The Willow and the Oak.

J. B. BEALL.

Matt. 23:12, 5:3, 5; Rom. 12:13; Ps. 51:17

B. B. BEALL.



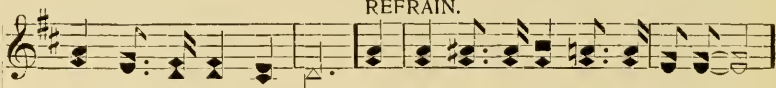
1. I saw, when the winds swept o-ver the mead, The willow that stands
2. The storm had pass'd by, the wil-low up-rose, Her branches in beau-
3. Oh, Christian, look up! life's storms will soon pass; Re-joice ye with sor-
4. And thou, who art proud, oh turn ye in time, Nor fall as the des-



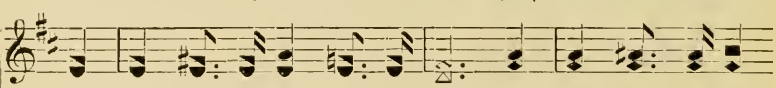
by the brook, Bending low, as, with pit-i-less force, the storm Threw  
ty out-spread: But the mon-arch of trees, in His pride cast down, Lay  
row low bow'd; Our Lord in His hand holds the light'ning's shaft, His  
o-late tree! God's mer-cy, His in-fi-nite love are thine, A-



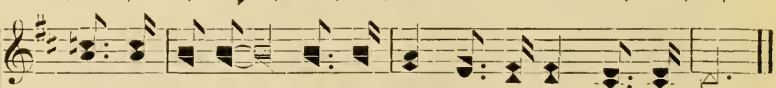
## REFRAIN.



down the un-bend-ing oak.  
prone on the earth and dead. Bend low till the storm passeth o-ver;  
smile is be-hind the cloud.  
wait-ing, in-vit-ing thee.



The sun will shine out by and by; Bend low till the storm



pass-eth o-ver, And the stars twink-le out in the sky.



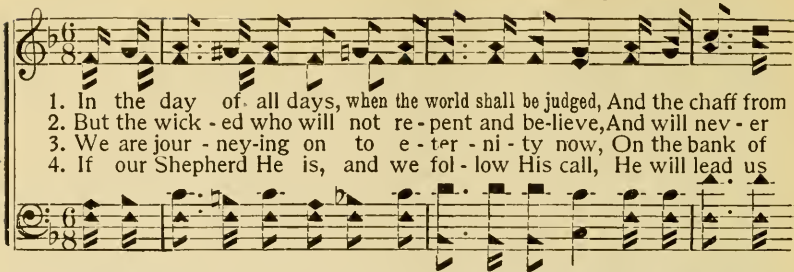




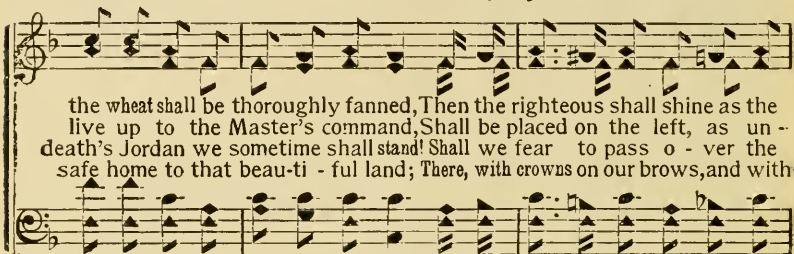
# No. 81. At the Savior's Right Hand.

E. R. LATTA.

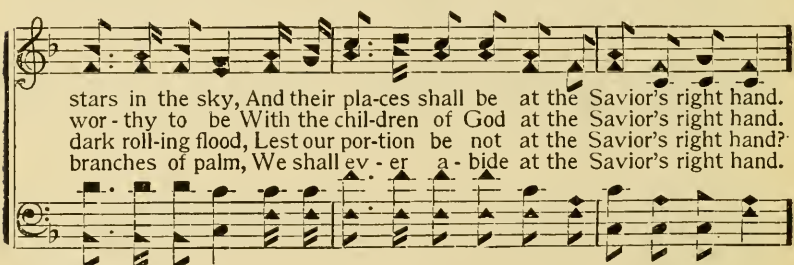
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the chaff from  
 2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will nev - er  
 3. We are jour - ney - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty now, On the bank of  
 4. If our Shepherd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will lead us




the wheat shall be thoroughly fanned, Then the righteous shall shine as the  
 live up to the Master's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un -  
 death's Jordan we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the  
 safe home to that beau - ti - ful land; There, with crowns on our brows, and with



stars in the sky, And their pla - ces shall be at the Savior's right hand.  
 wor - thy to be With the chil - dren of God at the Savior's right hand.  
 dark roll - ing flood, Lest our por - tion be not at the Savior's right hand?  
 branches of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Savior's right hand.

## REFRAIN.



Let me . . . . . find a place with that . . . . . hap - py band,  
 Let me find a place with that happy band, Let me find a place with that happy band,

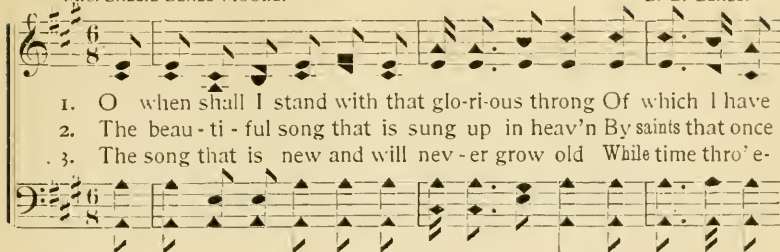


Who shall ev - - er a - bide, . . . . . A-bide at the Savior's right hand.  
 Who shall ev - er a-bide at the Savior's right hand, right hand.

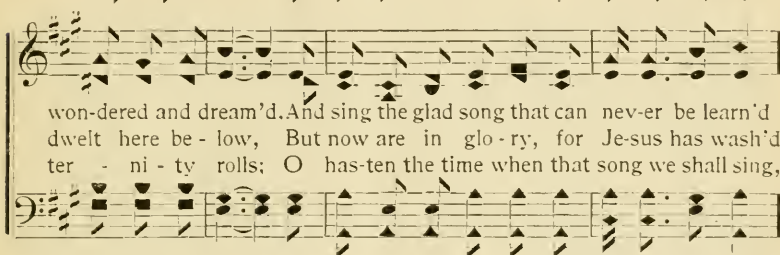
# No. 82. The Heavenly Choir.

Mrs. SALLIE BEALL MOORE.

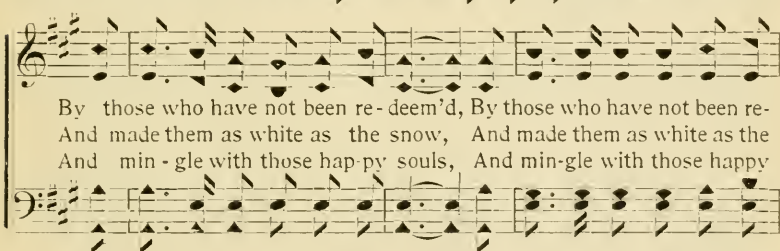
B. B. BEALL.



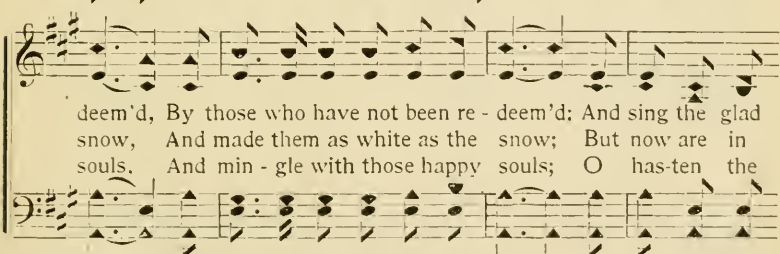
1. O when shall I stand with that glo-ri-ous throng Of which I have  
 2. The beau-ti-ful song that is sung up in heav'n By saints that once  
 3. The song that is new and will nev-er grow old While time thro'e-



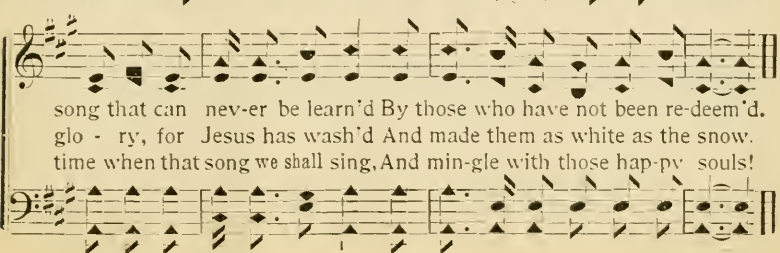
won-dered and dream'd. And sing the glad song that can nev-er be learn'd  
 dwelt here be-low, But now are in glo-ry, for Je-sus has wash'd  
 ter-ni-ty rolls; O has-ten the time when that song we shall sing,



By those who have not been re-deem'd, By those who have not been re-  
 And made them as white as the snow, And made them as white as the  
 And min-gle with those hap-py souls, And min-gle with those happy



deem'd, By those who have not been re-deem'd; And sing the glad  
 snow, And made them as white as the snow; But now are in  
 souls, And min-gle with those happy souls; O has-ten the

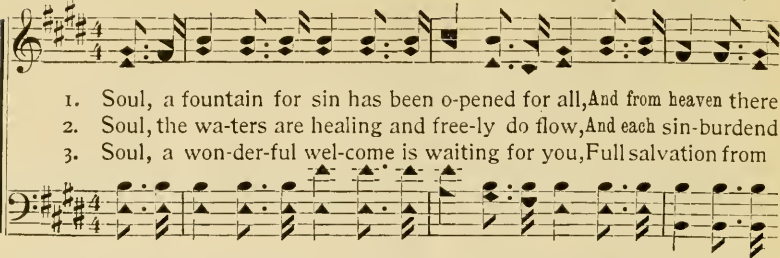


song that can nev-er be learn'd By those who have not been re-deem'd.  
 glo-ry, for Jesus has wash'd And made them as white as the snow.  
 time when that song we shall sing, And min-gle with those hap-py souls!

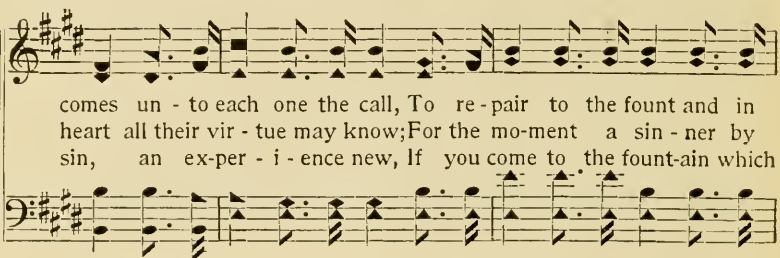
# No. 83. The Cleansing Fountain.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

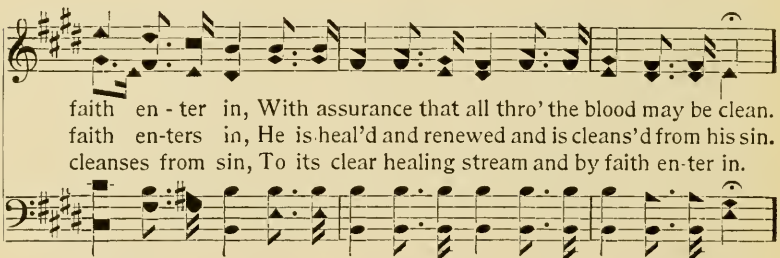
Music and Ref. by S. L. HOWARD.



1. Soul, a fountain for sin has been o-pen-ed for all, And from heaven there  
 2. Soul, the wa-ters are healing and free-ly do flow, And each sin-bur-dend  
 3. Soul, a won-der-ful wel-come is waiting for you, Full salvation from

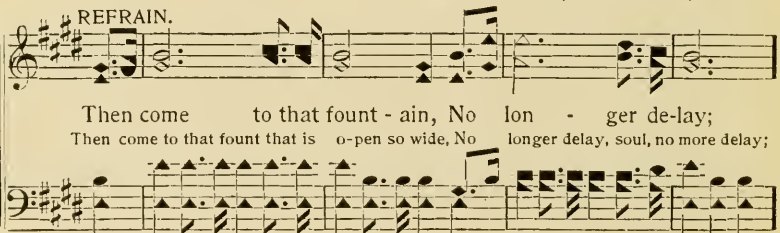


comes un - to each one the call, To re - pair to the fount and in  
 heart all their vir - tue may know; For the mo - ment a sin - ner by  
 sin, an ex - per - i - ence new, If you come to the fount - ain which

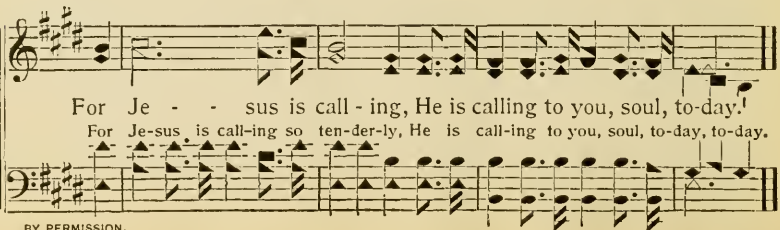


faith en - ter in, With assurance that all thro' the blood may be clean.  
 faith en - ters in, He is heal'd and renewed and is cleans'd from his sin.  
 cleanses from sin, To its clear healing stream and by faith en - ter in.

REFRAIN.



Then come to that fount - ain, No lon - ger de-lay;  
 Then come to that fount that is o - pen so wide, No longer delay, soul, no more delay;

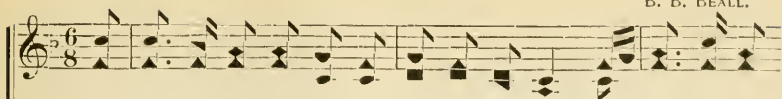


For Je - - sus is call - ing, He is calling to you, soul, to-day.  
 For Je - sus is call - ing so ten - der - ly, He is call - ing to you, soul, to-day, to-day.

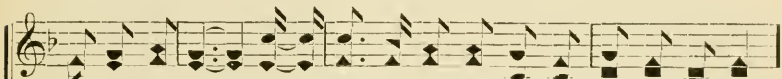
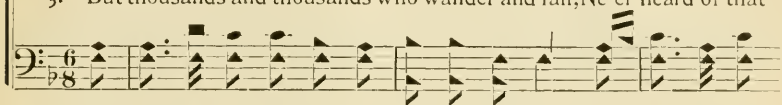


# No. 84. Let the Little Ones Come unto Me.

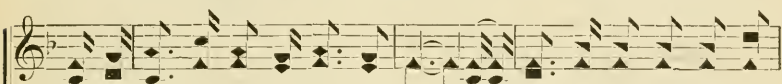
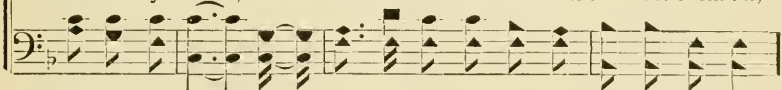
B. B. BEALL.



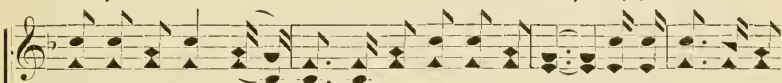
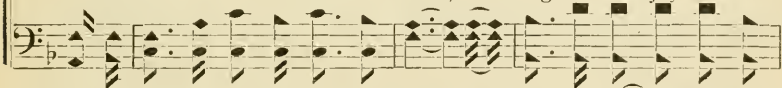
1. I think when I read the sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a
3. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall, Ne'er heard of that



here a-mong men, How He call'd lit-tle children, as lambs to His fold,  
share in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low,  
heav-en - ly home; I should like them to know there is room for them all,



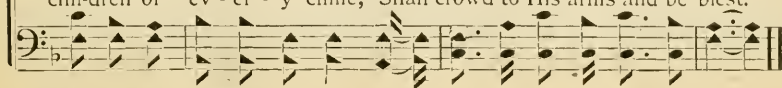
I should like to have been with Him then; I wish that His hands had been  
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove; In that beau-ti-ful place He has  
And that Je - sus has bid them to come; I long for the joy of that



placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have  
gone to prepare, For all that are wash'd and forgiv'n, And ma - ny dear  
glo - ri - ous time, The sweetest and brightest and best, When the dear little



seen His kind looks when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."  
children are gath - er - ing there, For of such is the kingdom of heav'n.  
chil - dren of ev - er - y clime, Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.





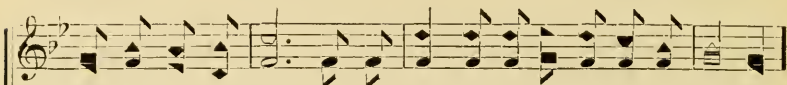
# No. 85. Let Us Pray for Each Other.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON. By per.



1. Let us pray for each oth-er in the morn-ing; Un-to Je - sus our
2. Let us pray for each oth-er at the noon-tide, When the world is so
3. Let us pray for each oth-er as the dark-ness 'Gathers 'round us and



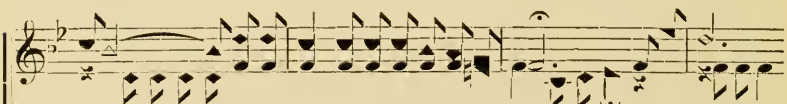
Sav - ior let us pray, And en - treat Him to guide the weak and weary,  
full of strife and care, That each one may be faith-ful at his sta-tion,  
clos - es out the day, That the Sav-ior will keep us till the morning;



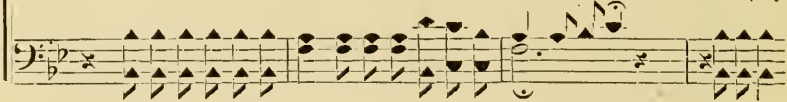
## CHORUS.



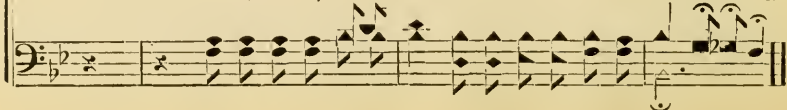
Lest they fal - ter and go in paths a - stray. Let us pray for each  
Ev - er read - y to do his du - ty there.  
For each oth - er, oh, let us ev - er pray!



oth-er, . . . . From the dawning until the day's decline; Let us pray  
for each other, day's decline: Let us pray



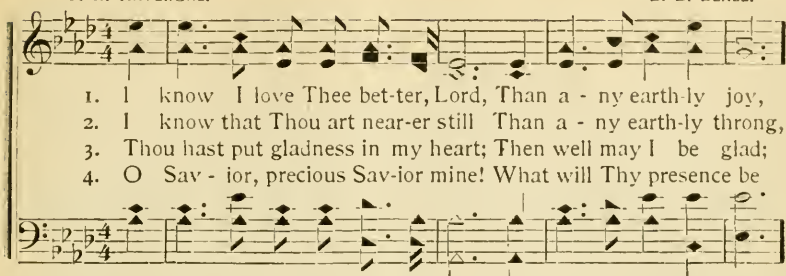
for each other, . . . . Let us pray for each other all the time.  
for each oth-er, all the time.



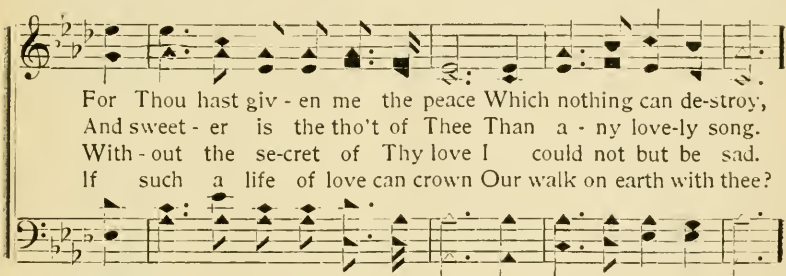
# No. 86. The Half Has Never Yet Been Told.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

B. B. BEALL.

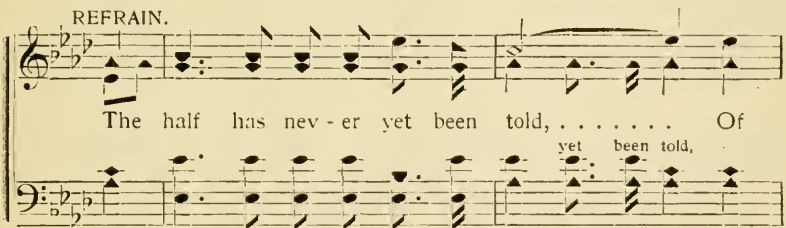


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,  
 2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng,  
 3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad;  
 4. O Sav - ior, precious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy presence be

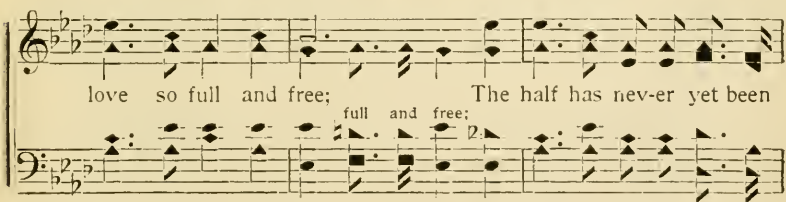


For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which nothing can de-stroy,  
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than a - ny love-ly song.  
 With - out the se-cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.  
 If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

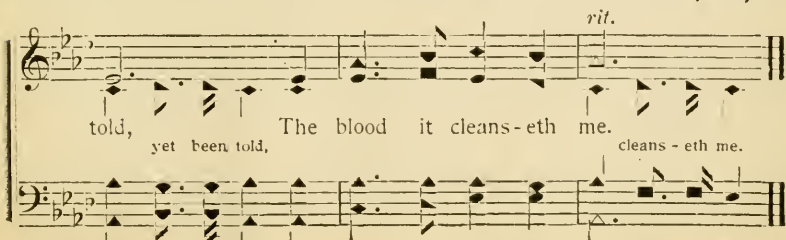
## REFRAIN.



The half has nev - er yet been told, . . . . . Of



love so full and free; full and free; The half has nev-er yet been



told, yet been told, The blood it cleans - eth me. cleans - eth me.

Words Arranged.

J. P. LANE, by per.

1. While tossing on life's stormy sea, Tho' frail our lit - tle barks may be;  
 2. Al - tho' our barks are frail and small, We'll trust in God, He'll keep us all,  
 3. And when our jour-ney is complete, And we a - gain each oth-er meet,

We'll nev-er fear but brave the gale, As swift-ly on we homeward sail.  
 Yes, keep us sure till storms are past, And land us safe at home at last.  
 We'll sing God's praise on that blest shore, Secure from storms for-ev-er-more.

## REFRAIN.

We're sail-ing home . . . . o'er life's rough tide, . . . . Yes, sail-ing  
 We're sail-ing home o'er life's rough tide,

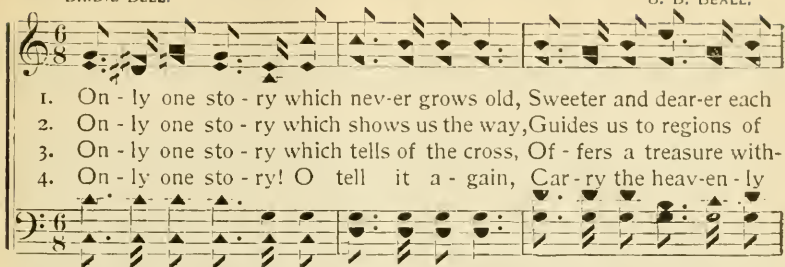
on . . . . life's o-c-ean wide, . . We soon shall land . . . on that blest  
 Yes, sail-ing on life's o-c-ean wide, life's ocean wide, We soon shall land

shore, . . . . Secure from storms . . . for - ev - er - more. . . .  
 on that blest shore, Secure from storms for - ev - er - more.

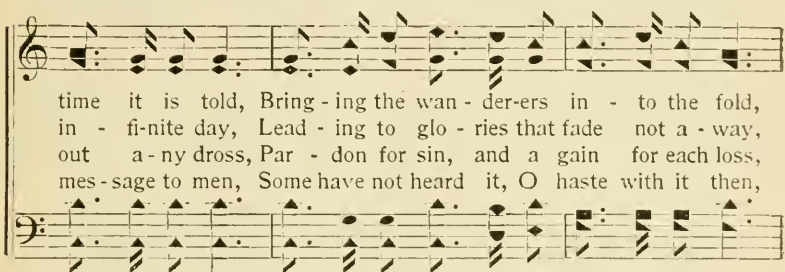
# No. 88. Wonderful Story of Love.

BIRDIE BELL.

B. B. BEALL.



1. On - ly one sto - ry which nev - er grows old, Sweeter and dear - er each  
 2. On - ly one sto - ry which shows us the way, Guides us to regions of  
 3. On - ly one sto - ry which tells of the cross, Of - fers a treasure with -  
 4. On - ly one sto - ry! O tell it a - gain, Car - ry the heav - en - ly

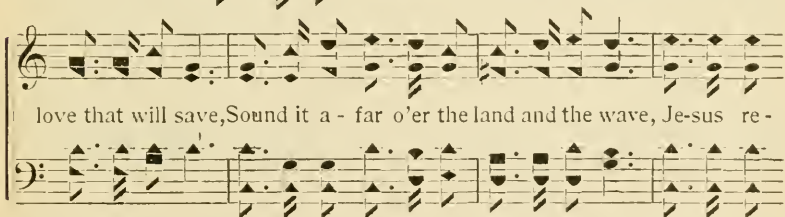


time it is told, Bring - ing the wan - der - ers in - to the fold,  
 in - fi - nite day, Lead - ing to glo - ries that fade not a - way,  
 out a - ny dross, Par - don for sin, and a gain for each loss,  
 mes - sage to men, Some have not heard it, O haste with it then,

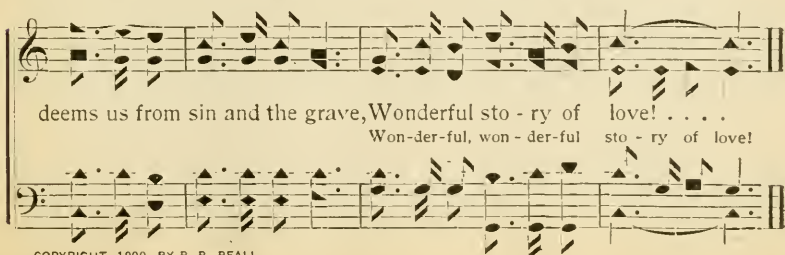
## REFRAIN.



Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! Won - der - ful sto - ry of



love that will save, Sound it a - far o'er the land and the wave, Je - sus re -



deems us from sin and the grave, Wonderful sto - ry of love! . . . .  
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry of love!



1. To the promised home in glo - ry, To that land of bliss - ful rest,  
 2. He is fit - ting up that mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;  
 3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,  
 4. Death itself shall then be vanquished; And his sting shall be withdrawn;  
 5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri - umph as you go;

My Re - deem - er's gone be - fore me, To prepare a man - sion, blest.  
 For my stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.  
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.  
 Shout for glad - ness, O ye ransomed, Hail with joy the ris - ing morn!  
 Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance thro.

## CHORUS.

Yes, there is rest over Jordan's waters, Rest for such as from sin are free,

Rest for all who come to Je - sus, Rest for you and me.



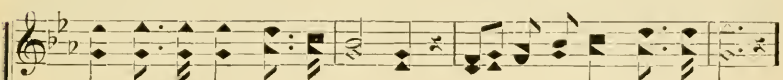
# No. 90. Glory to God in the Highest.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. S. HENDRICKS.



1. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Whence are the voic-es we hear,
2. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Rings thro' the si-lence of night;
3. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Welcome, O welcome the morn!



Flood-ing the world with their music, Joy - ful-ly, sweetly and clear.  
Na - ture from slumber a-wak - eth, Lost in a splen-dor so bright.  
Now in the cit - y of prom-ise, Lo, our Re-deem-er is born.



## REFRAIN.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels, Borne from the re-gions a - bove,



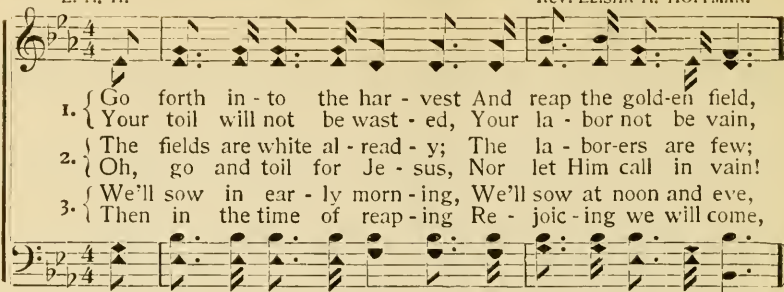
Waft-ing the mes-sage of rap - ture, Tell-ing the sto - ry of love.



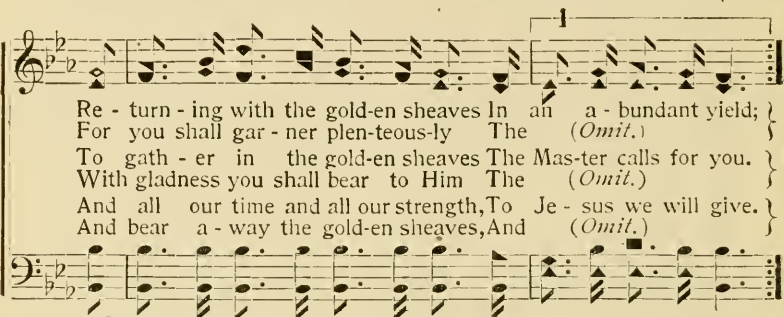
# No. 91. Bearing the Golden Sheaves.

E. A. H.

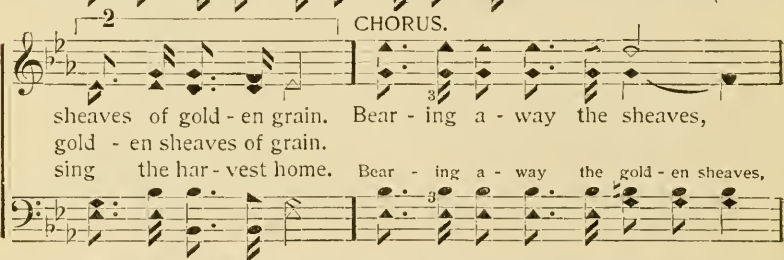
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



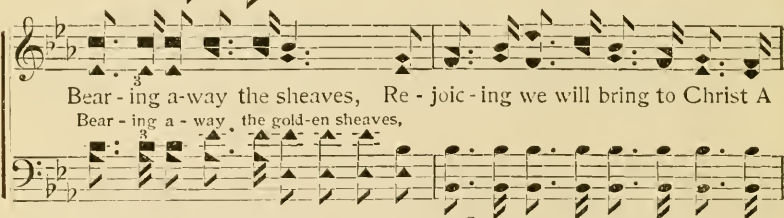
1. { Go forth in - to the har - vest And reap the gold-en field,  
 Your toil will not be wast - ed, Your la - bor not be vain,  
 2. { The fields are white al - read - y; The la - bor-ers are few;  
 Oh, go and toil for Je - sus, Nor let Him call in vain!  
 3. { We'll sow in ear - ly morn - ing, We'll sow at noon and eve,  
 Then in the time of reap - ing Re - joic - ing we will come,



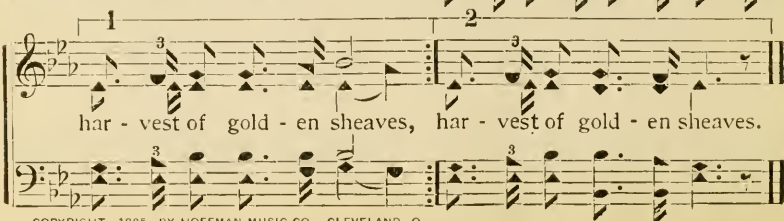
Re - turn - ing with the gold-en sheaves In an a - bundant yield; }  
 For you shall gar - ner plen-teous-ly The (Omit.) }  
 To gath - er in the gold-en sheaves The Mas-ter calls for you. }  
 With gladness you shall bear to Him The (Omit.) }  
 And all our time and all our strength, To Je - sus we will give. }  
 And bear a - way the gold-en sheaves, And (Omit.) }



CHORUS.  
 sheaves of gold - en grain. Bear - ing a - way the sheaves,  
 gold - en sheaves of grain.  
 sing the har - vest home. Bear - ing a - way the gold - en sheaves,



Bear - ing a-way the sheaves, Re - joic - ing we will bring to Christ A  
 Bear - ing a - way, the gold-en sheaves,



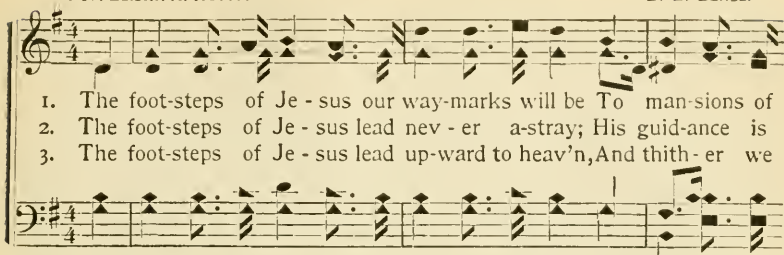
har - vest of gold - en sheaves, har - vest of gold - en sheaves.

# No. 92. We Will Follow Jesus.

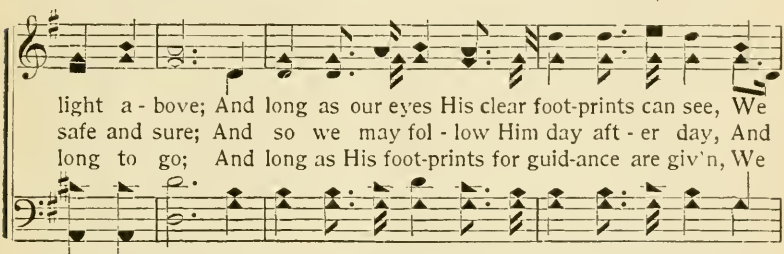
(To my many pupils and friends of the following counties of Ga.: Douglas, Carroll, Haralson, and Paulding.—B. B. B.)

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

B. B. BEALL.

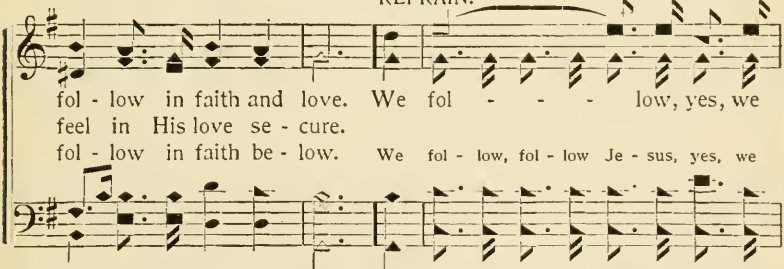


1. The foot-steps of Je - sus our way-marks will be To man-sions of  
 2. The foot-steps of Je - sus lead nev - er a-stray; His guid-ance is  
 3. The foot-steps of Je - sus lead up-ward to heav'n, And thith - er we

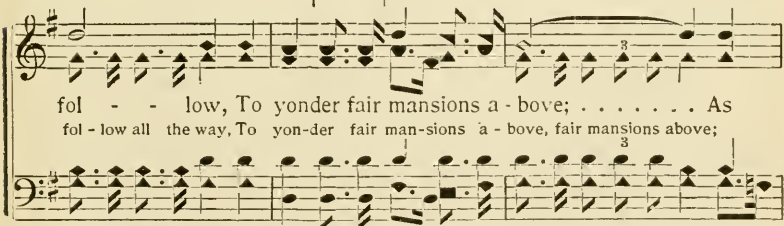


light a - bove; And long as our eyes His clear foot-prints can see, We  
 safe and sure; And so we may fol - low Him day aft - er day, And  
 long to go; And long as His foot-prints for guid-ance are giv'n, We

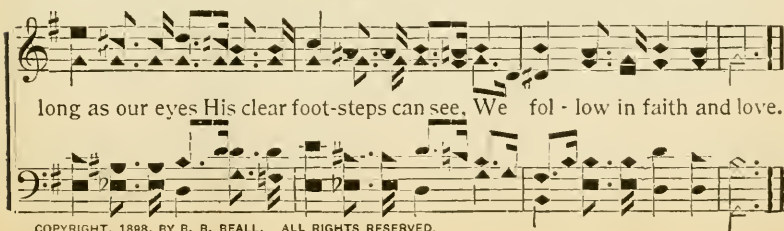
## REFRAIN.



fol - low in faith and love. We fol - - - low, yes, we  
 feel in His love se - cure.  
 fol - low in faith be - low. We fol - low, fol - low Je - sus, yes, we



fol - - low, To yonder fair mansions a - bove; . . . . . As  
 fol - low all the way, To yon-der fair man-sions 'a - bove, fair mansions above;



long as our eyes His clear foot-steps can see, We fol - low in faith and love.

## No. 93.

## I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K.

"Behold the Lamb of God."

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. O sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,  
 2. O wondrous pow'r of love di-vine, So pure, so full, so free!  
 3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er-more shall be;

And for a ran - som shed His blood, For you and e - ven me.  
 It reach-es out to all mankind, Em-brac-es e - ven me.  
 He hath re-deemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.

REFRAIN.

I'm re - deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, . . . . Through the  
 I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

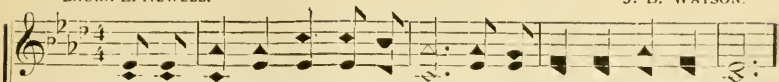
blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . . I'm re - deemed, . . .  
 of the Lamb that was slain; I'm redeemed.

I'm re - deemed, Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name!  
 I'm re-deemed,

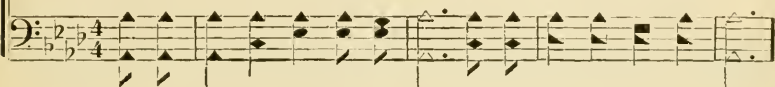
# No. 94. We Are Waiting for His Coming.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

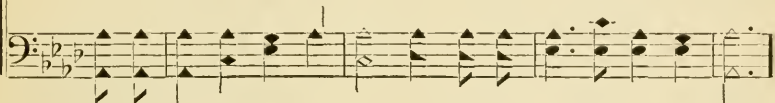
J. B. WATSON.



1. We are wait-ing, wait-ing the day, When our Lord again shall come,
2. "Be ye therefore ready," He says, None the day nor hour may know,
3. A re-ward He's bringing to you, And to ev-'ry faith-ful one,
4. With our lamps all burning and bright, We'll with joy the Bridegroom wait,



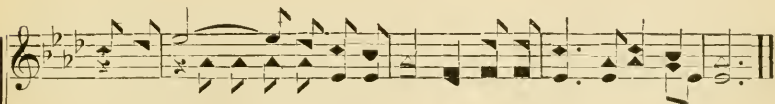
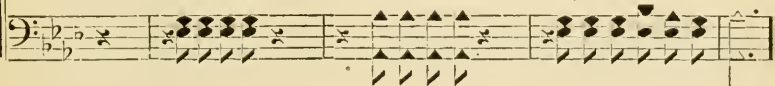
Come to lead His chos-en peo-ple To a bright, e-ter-nal home.  
He shall call, but He is com-ing To His wait-ing ones be-low.  
He will aid His trust-ing chil-dren Till their la-bors all are done.  
And we'll welcome Him who com-eth If He ear-ly calls, or late.



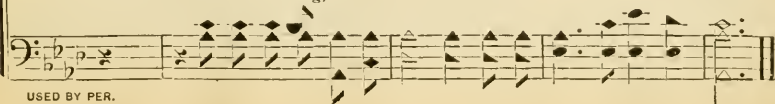
## REFRAIN.



We are wait-ing for the coming Of our Lord, our Lord and King;  
We are waiting for the coming Of our Lord,



We are wait-ing for His coming, And the message He shall bring.  
We are wait-ing,





1. Sing un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the

Lord for - ev - er - more. Sing un - to the Lord,  
O sing . . . . . un - to the

Un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the Lord,  
Lord, O sing . . . . . un - to the

for - ev - er - more, Sing un - to the Lord,  
Lord, O sing . . . . . un - to the

for - ev - er - more, And sound His praise for - ev - er  
Lord, . . . . . And sound His praise . . . . . for - ev - er -

# Sing Unto the Lord. Concluded.

more, for - ev - er - more. O sing . . . . . un - to the  
Sing un - to the Lord,

more.

Lord, O sing . . . . . un - to the  
Un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the Lord,

Lord, O sing . . . . . un - to the  
for - ev - er - more, Sing un - to the Lord,

Lord, . . . . . And sound His praise . . . . . for - ev - er -  
for - ev - er - more, And sound His praise for - ev - er -

more, Sing un - to the Lord for - ev - er - more. A - men.  
more, for - ev - er - more,

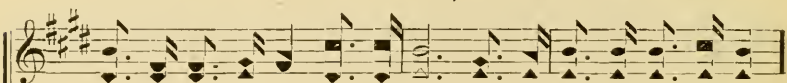
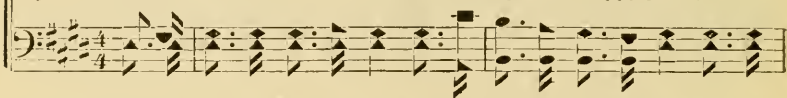
# No. 96. We Shall Know Each Other There.

J. B. V.

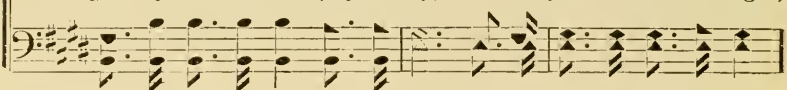
J. B. VAUGHAN.



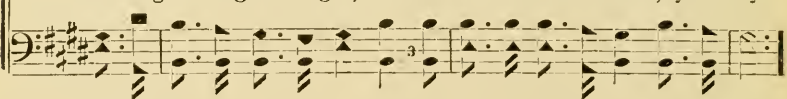
1. When our pil-grim-age is o'er, And we reach the other shore, And our
2. When before our Father's throne We will meet the lov'd ones gone, In that
3. There we'll see the Savior's face, In that bright and happy place, And His



robes and crowns we'll wear, by and by, This the tho't that comes to me,  
land so bright and fair, o-ver there; They are singing songs of love,  
glo - ry we shall share, by and by; Far be-yond this mor-tal sight,



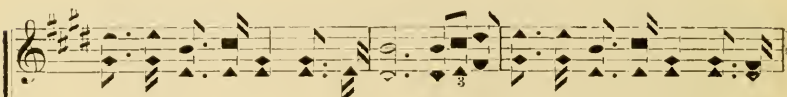
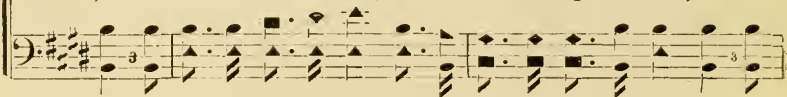
Borne on wings from o'er the sea, Shall we know each other there, by and by?  
In that home prepar'd above; Shall we know each other there, by and by?  
Shines a bright and golden light, And we'll know each other there, by and by?



## REFRAIN.



Yes, we'll know each other there, In that home so bright and fair, Yes, we'll



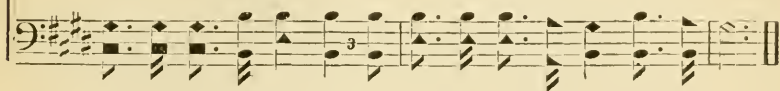
know each other there, by and by; 'Tis a glorious tho't to me, In that



# We Shall Know Each Other There. Concluded.



home be-yond the sea, We shall know each other there, by and by.



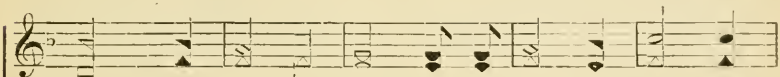
## No. 97. A Glimpse of Home.

J. S. D.

J. S. DAVIS.



1. When the day of life is al - most o'er, And the dusk - y
2. Where the span of life will nev - er end, And the day's bright
3. Oh, the love of Christ, our Sav - ior dear, Who for us His
4. Let us mag - ni - fy His match-less name, And pro-claim His



eve is draw - ing nigh, We may see a - far a  
sun will nev - er set; Where no thun - der - peals the  
pre - cious life did give That we might pos - sess a  
might - y pow'r to save; Go to Him, ye blind, in



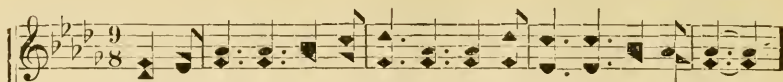
bright - er shore, See a land of joy be - yond the sky.  
sky will rend, And no e - vil there will us be - set.  
ti - tle clear To a home where we shall ev - er live!  
ruin and shame; He has con - quered sin, death, and the grave.



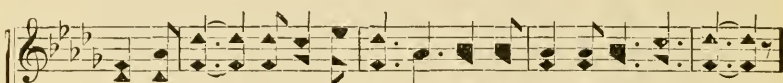
# No. 98. Where Are You Stepping?

W. H. M.

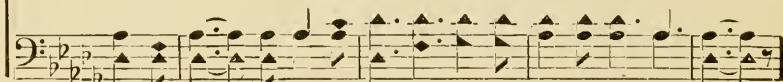
W. H. MORRIS, by per.



1. We are stepping, dai-ly stepping, Stepping to'rd e-ter - ni - ty;
2. Some are stepping, dai-ly stepping, Stepping to'rd e-ter - nal woe;
3. Some are stepping, dai-ly stepping, Stepping to'rd their home above,
4. Are you stepping, dai-ly stepping, In the "narrow way" so straight,



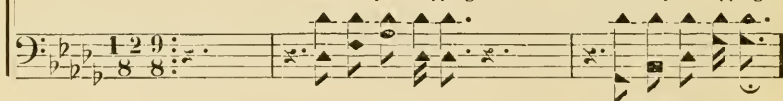
Do you know which road you're go-ing, And where will the ending be?  
 From which there is no re-turn-ing; Why, then, brother, farther go?  
 With an eye of faith on glo - ry, And the blessed Lord of love.  
 Lead-ing to the shin-ing por-tals, Thro' the o-pen pearl-y gate?



## CHORUS.



Where are you step-ping? . . . . How are you stepping? . . .  
 Where are you stepping? How are you stepping?



Brother, step carefully on your way. in the nar-row way.





## No. 99.

## Going On to Zion.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and

S. M. B. everlasting joy upon their heads,"—Isa. 35 : 10. S. M. BROWN. By per.

1. From gall-ing bond and slavish chain, We're go-ing on to Zi - on,  
 2. Thro' thorn-y plain, o'er rocky height, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;  
 3. The Sav - ior leads us all the way, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;  
 4. Ye ransomed sin-ners, join the song, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;

Where sor-rows end, and pleasures reign, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.  
 Thro' bright-est sun, and dark - est night, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.  
 We cheer each oth - er when we say, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.  
 The road, tho' rough, will not be long, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.

## CHORUS.

O! beau-ti - ful Zi - on! We're go - ing on to Zi - on; With

glad-some songs and crowns of joy, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.

# No. 100. Dying for the Knowledge of Jesus.

"And this is life eternal, that they may know thee . . . and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."—John 17:3.

S. M. BROWN.

S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. Broth-er, hear the cry from the dark do-main, Where they have no  
 2. Dy-ing all un-cons-cious of the dead-ly ill; Fren-zied by the  
 3. Sad-ly they are cry-ing, tho' no voice we hear; Sink-ing to per-  
 4. Chri-stian, you have feasted on the Sav-ior's love, Tast-ed of the

knowledge of the Sav-ior's name; See the dark'ning night, hear the  
 fe-ver of the fa-tal chill; Blind-ed by de-cep-tion of the  
 di-tion, yet they feel no fear; Si-lent-ly they're pleading by their  
 pleas-ures of the world a-bove; Will you with indiff-erence hear your

*D. S.—Trembling on the brink of the*

plain-tive cry, "Send us now the gos-pel, or our souls must die."  
 world's dread foe; Stand-ing on the mar-gin of e-ter-nal woe.  
 sin and shame, Cry-ing for the knowledge of the Sav-ior's name.  
 broth-er's cry, "Send us now the gos-pel, or our souls must die?"

*world of woe, Dy-ing for the knowledge of the Sav-ior's name.*

CHORUS. D. S.

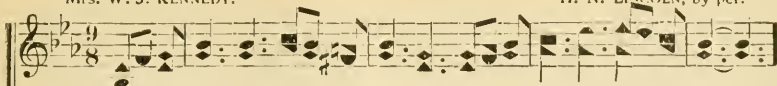
Brother, they are crying, cry-ing un-to you, "Save us from e-ter-nal shame,"

## No. 101.

## There is Gladness.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

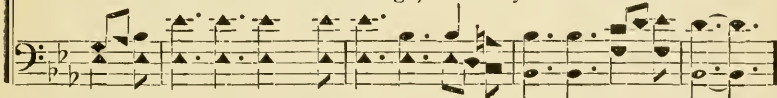
H. N. LINCOLN, by per.



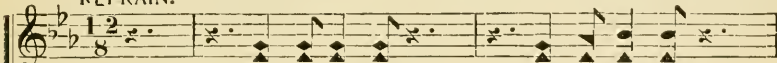
1. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There is mercy, soul, for thee;
2. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There is cleansing from thy sin;
3. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There is rest for ev-'ry one
4. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There's salvation for us all,



Come and hear the old, old sto-ry, Bringing joy to you and me.  
 Trust the pre-cious blood of Je-sus, Let the blessed Spir-it in.  
 Of the wea-ry, heav-y laden, If they trust what Christ has done.  
 If we hearken to its tidings, If we yield un-to its call.



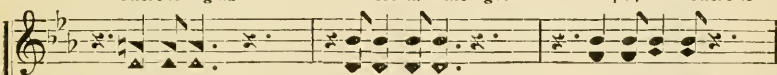
## REFRAIN.



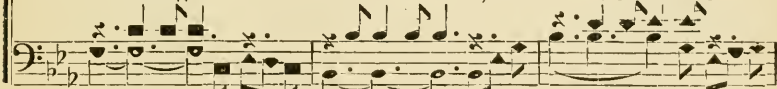
There is gladness in the gos-pel,



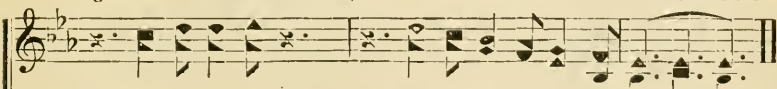
There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There is



There is grace both rich and free; For the vil-est



grace . . . both rich and free; . . . For the vil-est there is



there is mer-cy, There is gladness, soul, for thee, (for thee.)

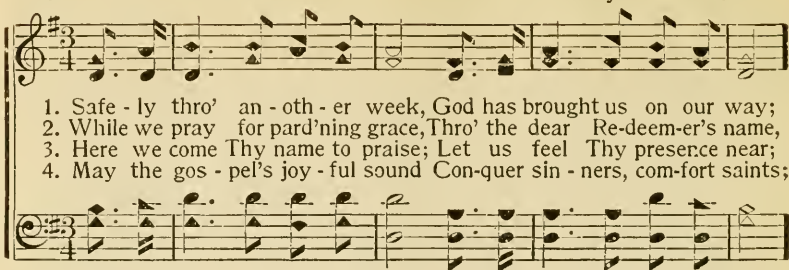


mer-cy. There is glad-ness, soul, for thee. . . .

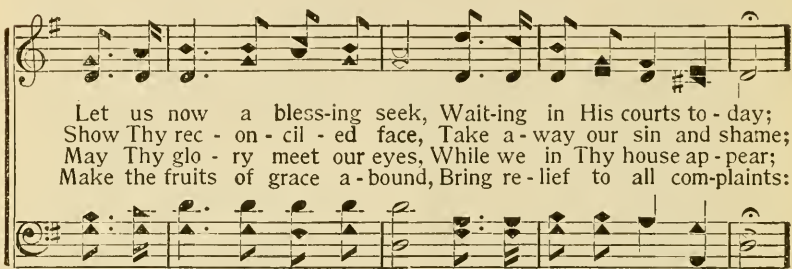
# No. 102. Safely Thro' Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

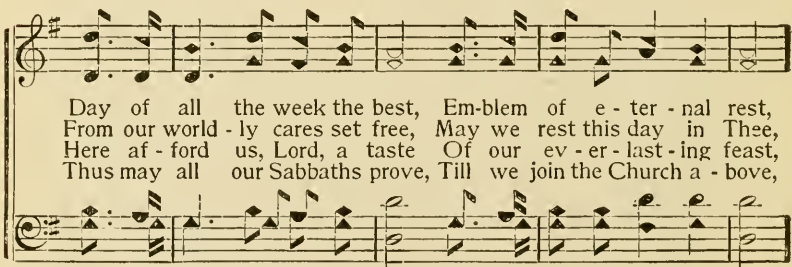
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



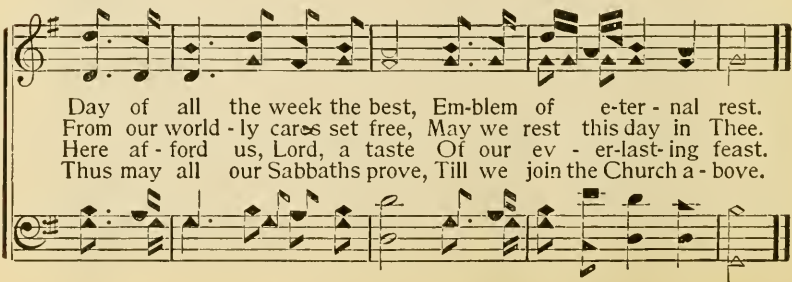
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;  
 2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,  
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near;  
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;



Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;  
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame;  
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;  
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com-plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest,  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,  
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove,



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.  
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.



# No. 103.

# Coronation.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,  
 2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,  
 3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,  
 4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song And crown Him Lord of all.

# No. 104. Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?

BENJ. BEDDOME.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let  
 2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; Be  
 3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In

tears of pen-i-ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev-'ry eye.  
 thou as-ton-ish'd, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.  
 heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.



## No. 105.

## Follow All the Way.

E. W. BLANDY.

Arranged.

1. I have heard my Savior calling, I have heard my Savior call-ing,  
 2. Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, Tho' He leads me thro' the valley,  
 3. Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, Tho' He leads me thro' the garden,

CHO.—I will take my cross and follow, My dear Sav-ior I will fol-low,

I have heard my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."  
 Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

- 4 He will give me grace and glory, | 5 Oh! 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,  
 He will keep me, keep me all the way. | And be with Him, with Him all the way.

## No. 106. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,  
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,  
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend,  
 4. Be-yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'nly ways,

The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own precious blood.  
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.  
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.  
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-lemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

# No. 107. There is a Fountain.

WM, COWPER.

WESTERN MELODY. C. M.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; }  
 { And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, (Omit.) }  
 D. C. And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, (Omit.)

2. FINE. D. C.  
 Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see<br>That fountain in his day;<br>And there may I though vile as he,<br>Wash all my sins away. | Redeeming love has been my theme,<br>And shall be, till I die.  |
| 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream<br>Thy flowing wounds supply,   | 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,<br>I'll sing Thy power to save,<br>When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring<br>Lies silent in the grave. [tongue |

# No. 108. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Dr THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?  
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease,  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Sure I must fight If I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! }  
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }  
 2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him that merits all my love! }  
 { Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }  
 3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine; }  
 { He drew me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice di-vine; }  
 4. { Now rest, my long di-vid-ed heart; Fix'd on this blissful cen-tre, rest; }  
 { Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him, of ev'ry good possess'd, }  
 5. { High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear, }  
 { Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }

FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way;

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev'-ry day.

## No. 110. Come Ye that Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arranged.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;  
 3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;  
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

CHO.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

# Come, Ye that Love the Lord. Concluded.



Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye surround the throne.  
But chil-dren of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.  
There, from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink endless pleasures in.  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.



*Sal - va-tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.*

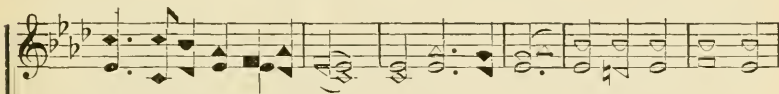
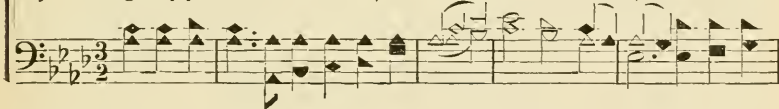
## No. III. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

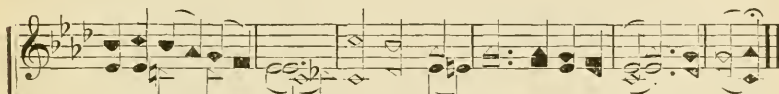
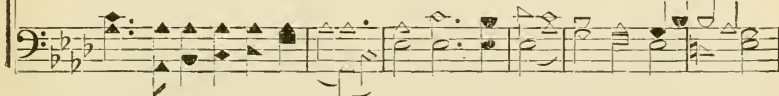
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead, thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I  
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish  
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.  
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.  
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.





# No. 112.      I Do Believe. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;  
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure Be - fore I drew my breath;  
 3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve; I now should feel Thy pow'r;  
 4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wear-y, long-ing eyes;

CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me,

If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?  
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death!  
 And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.  
 Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

# No. 113.      My Faith Looks Up.

RAY PALMER.

(Olivet. M. H. 762.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine! Now hear me  
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast

while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.  
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be—A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be Thou my Guide;  
 Bid darkness turn to day;  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
 From Thee aside.

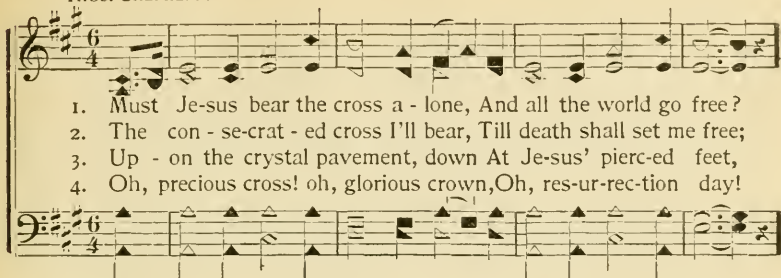
4 When ends life's transient dream;  
 When death's cold, sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll;  
 Blest Savior, then in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove;  
 O bear me safe above—  
 A ransomed soul!



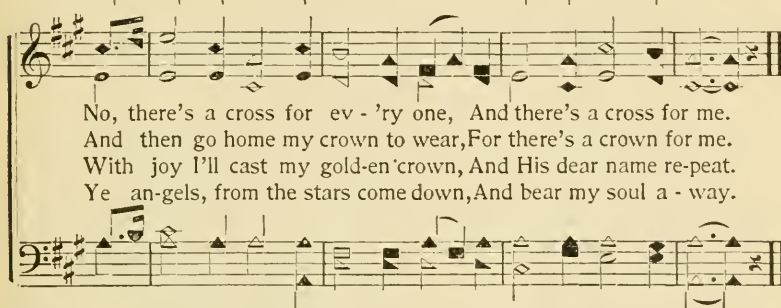
# No. 114. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;  
 3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,  
 4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown, Oh, res-ur-rec-tion day!

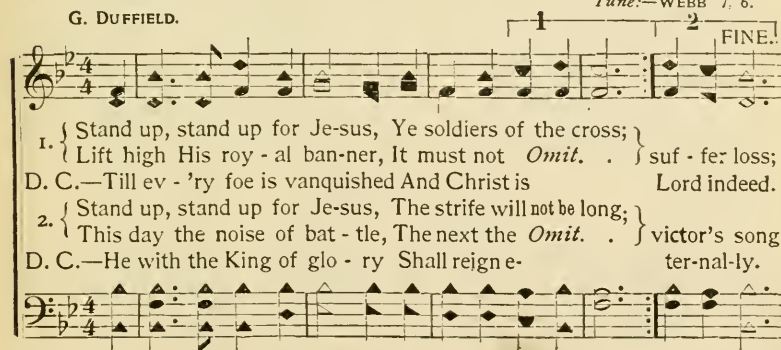


No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 With joy I'll cast my gold-en-crown, And His dear name re-peat.  
 Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

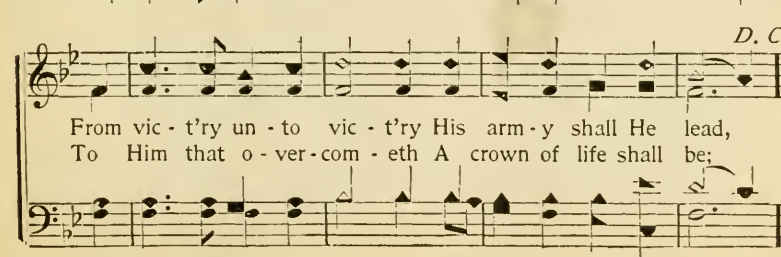
# No. 115. Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

Tune:—WEBB 7. 6.



1. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; }  
 { Lift high His roy - al ban-ner, It must not *Omit.* . } suf - fer loss;  
 D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.  
 2. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long; }  
 { This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the *Omit.* . } victor's song;  
 D. C.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

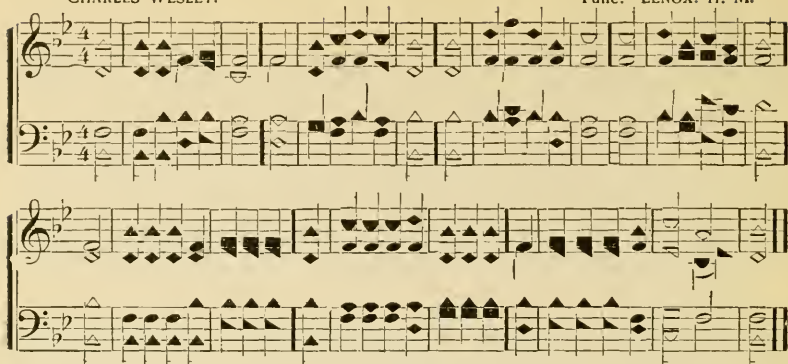


From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm-y shall He lead,  
 To Him that o - ver-com - eth A crown of life shall be;

# No. 116. Arise, My Soul, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—LENOX. H. M.



- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;  
Shake off Thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
||: Before the throne my Surety stands; ||  
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede,  
His all redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
||: His blood atoned for all our race; ||  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for His child;  
I can no longer fear;  
||: With confidence I now draw nigh; ||  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

## No. 117.

Tune, 169 "G. H." Key of A.

- 1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly  
whole;  
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;  
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter  
CHORUS. [than snow.  
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy  
throne in the skies, [fice;  
And help me to make a complete sacri-  
fice give up myself and whatever I know—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter  
than snow. [entreat;
- 3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly  
I wait, blessed Lord at Thy crucified feet,  
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy  
blood flow— [than snow.  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter

## No. 118.

## Rock of Ages.

FINE.

D. C.



- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flow'd  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow—  
Could my zeal no languor know—  
These for sin could not atone;

Thou must save and Thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to the cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

# No. 119. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Tune:—ONWARD. 6, 5.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of  
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are  
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane But the Church of  
 4. Onward, then ye peo-ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,  
 treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed,  
 Je-sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er  
 voic-es In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or

Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go!  
 All one bod-y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i-ty.  
 'Gainst that Church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
 Un-to Christ the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Maching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be-fore.

# No. 120. Work for the Night is Coming.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;  
 Work through the morning hours;  
 Work while the dew is sparkling;  
 Work, 'mid springing flow'rs;  
 Work, when the day grows brighter;  
 Work, in the glowing sun;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor;  
 Rest comes sure and soon.

- Give every flying minute;  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more:  
 Work, while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

# No. 121.

# Rest. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep;  
 2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!  
 3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest;  
 4. A-sleep in Je-sus! O, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!

A calm and un-dis-turb'd re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.  
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost his venom'd sting.  
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Savior's pow'r.  
 Se - cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

# No. 122. Hearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Scotch Air.

1. { Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee, }  
 { E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; } Still all my song shall be,  
 2. { Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, }  
 { Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, } Yet in my dreams I'll be  
 3. { There let the way ap-pear Steps unto heav'n, }  
 { All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n; } An-gels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!



## No. 123.

## Rathbun. Ss, 7s.

JOHN BOWRING

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,  
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds more lus-ter to the day.  
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

## No. 124.

## Elvon: C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

HUGH WILSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,  
 4. Thus might I hide my blushing face Whilst His dear cross appears;  
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de-gree.  
 When Christ, the mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.  
 Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.



# No. 125. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your  
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to  
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?

- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—  
“As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 “Fear not: I am with thee; O be not dismayed!  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 “The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,  
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, *no, never*, NO, NEVER forsake.”

## Adeste Fidelis.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your  
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to  
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have  
fled? You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?

## No. 126.

## Ortonville. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS. 1837.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be -  
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the  
 3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my  
 4. Till then I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry

liev - er's ear; It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And  
 2. warm - est tho't; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll  
 3. fleet - ing breath; And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re -

drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear.  
 to the wea - ry rest, And to the wea - ry rest.  
 4. praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.  
 fresh my soul in death, Re - fresh my soul in death.

## No. 127. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

1 Jesus! lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Savior! hide  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me;

All my trust on Thee is staved;  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within;  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

## No. 128. Amazing Grace! How Sweet the Sound.

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound  
 That saved a wretch like me!  
 I once was lost, but now am found,  
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears relieved; [fear,

How precious did that grace appear  
 The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,  
 I have already come;  
 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
 And grace will lead me home.

## No. 129.

## Lord, Dismiss Us.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

(Greenville. 8, 7, 4.)

ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
D. C.—O refresh us O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.  
2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound.  
D. C.—May Thy presence, May Thy presence, With us ev-er-more be found.  
3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way,  
D. C.—May we ev-er, May we ev-er Reign with Christ in endless day.

D. C.

Let us each Thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace.  
May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion, In our hearts and lives a-bound.  
Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, God the summons to o-bey.

## No. 130. The Light of Day Fades.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

GOTTSCALK, arr.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a-way;  
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad-ing eye Naught escapes, without, with-in,  
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way;  
4. Thou who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's in-firm-i-ty,  
Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.  
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault, and se-cret sin.  
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.  
From Thine own e-ter-nal throne, Je-sus, look with pitying eye.

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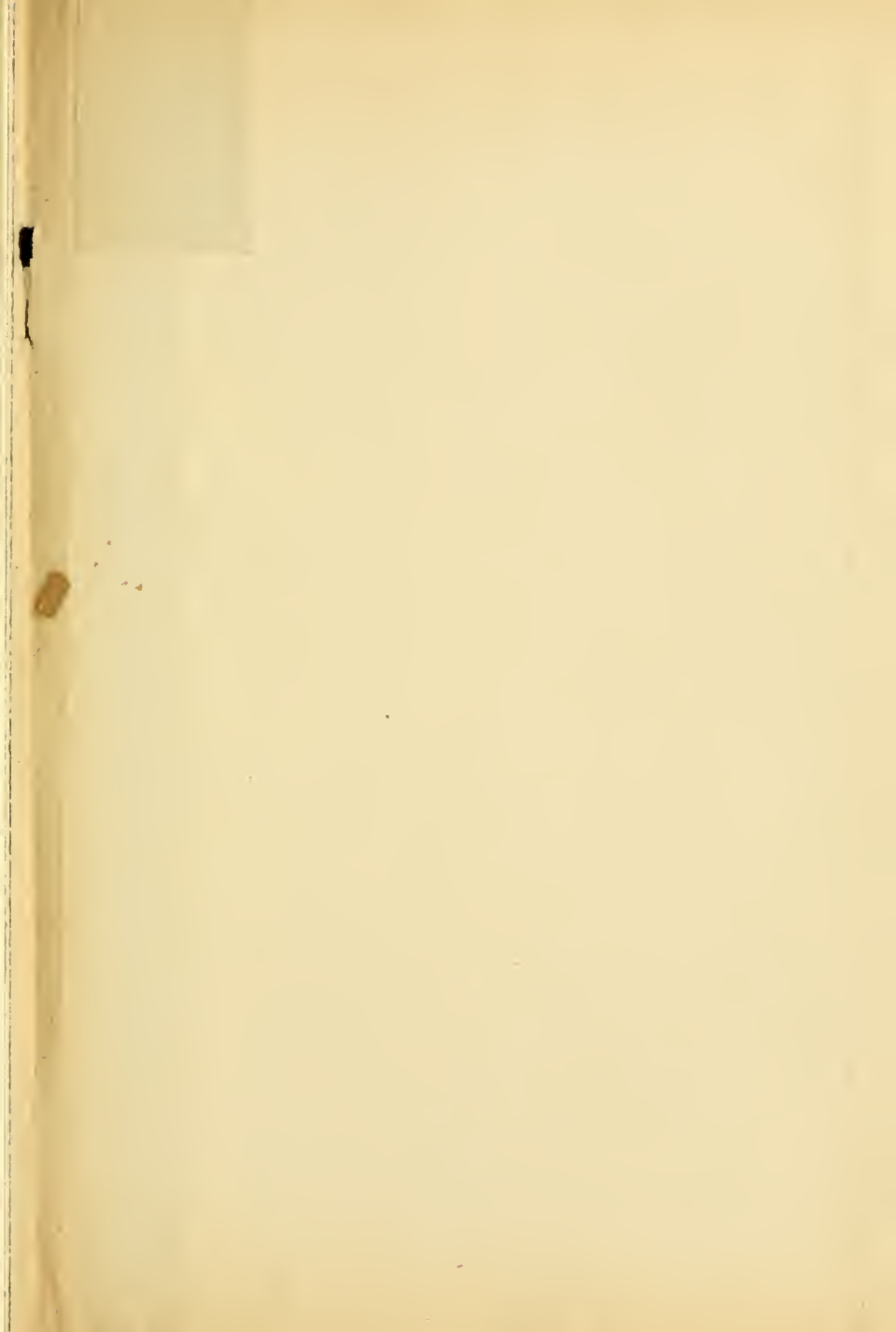


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